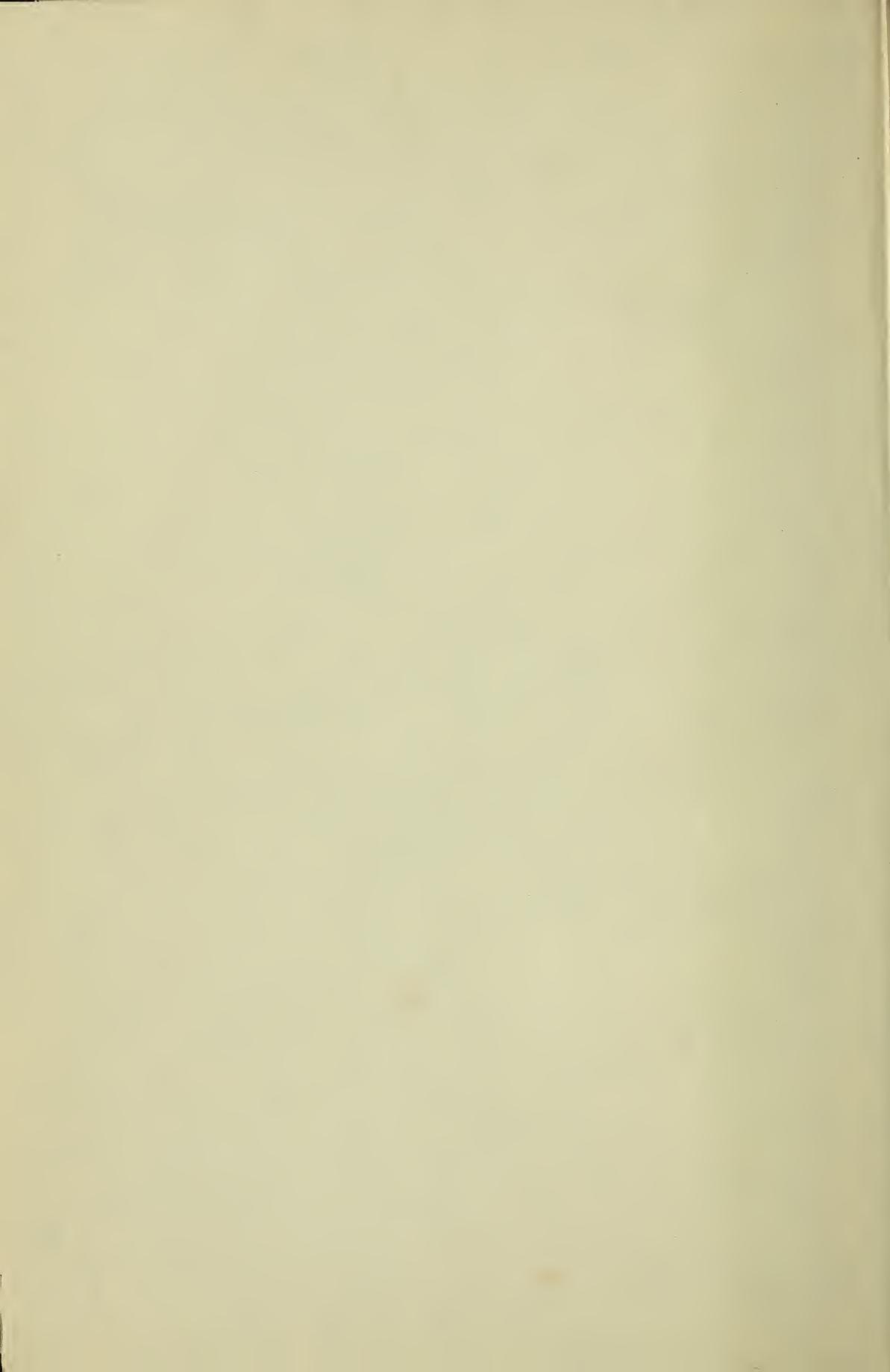


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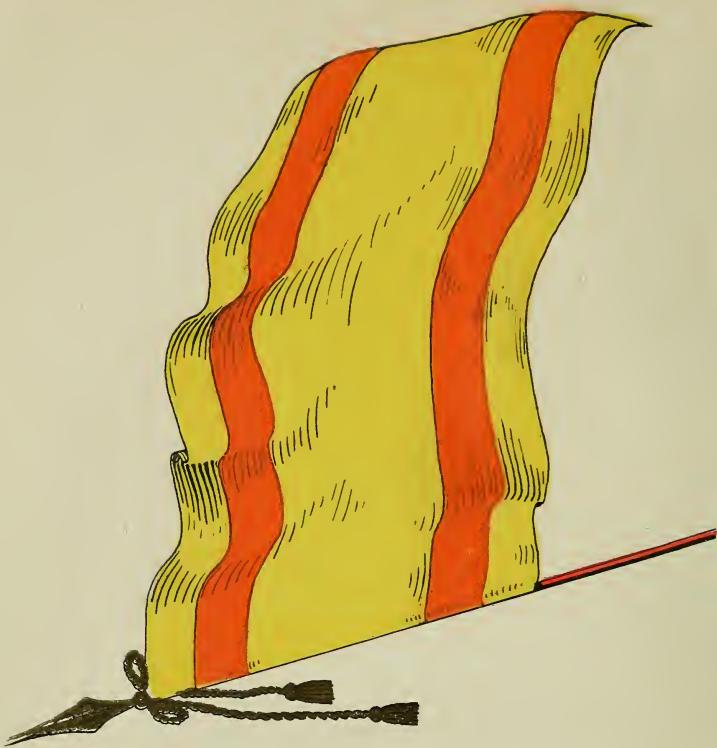




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FLAG OF SPAIN



FLAG OF PORTUGAL



THE PLAN BOOK SERIES

A LITTLE JOURNEY

TO

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

EDITED BY

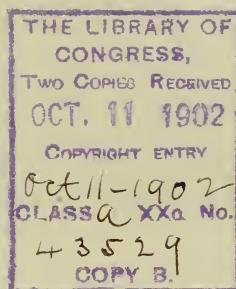
MARIAN M. GEORGE



CHICAGO

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A Little Journey to Spain.

Across the Pyrenees from France lies the most romantic country of Europe. Spain is a land of music and dance; of gypsies and beggars; of beautiful dark-eyed women and grave, proud men; of ruined castles and deserted palaces; and of ancient walled towns and cities dying or dead.

We are warned that we shall meet with many discomforts in our tour of Spain. The questions are asked Will Americans be kindly received since the late war? Will not the Spaniards show bitterness over their loss of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines? The Spaniards are far too courteous to show hostility to any guest. Besides, they feel better off without their island colonies. Cuba and the Philippines had for years been draining Spain of men and money to keep down rebellions and giving little in return.

Peace has brought Spain a chance to build up her broken fortunes, pay her debts, and develop her resources, for, although the country has mines rich with minerals, a fertile soil, a fine climate, and fifteen hundred miles of seaboard, it is poor, in debt, and one hundred years behind the rest of Europe in its industries. This backward state is due to bad government, mistakes made in the far past, and the ignorance and superstition of the people, who like to idle and sleep when they should be at work.

Spain has an area of 197,670 square miles—about three times that of England. The country is divided into forty-seven provinces. Its population is about eighteen millions.

Northern Spain has lofty, snow-clad mountains, traversed by valleys in which gardens, fields, and forests produce all the vegetation of a temperate climate.

Central Spain is chiefly a high plateau swept by bitterly cold winds in winter and burned from the sun in summer. But slight vegetation appears.

Southern Spain has a sunny, warm climate. Oranges, lemons, citrons, date palms, grapes, bananas, pomegranates, olives, cork, oleander, myrtle—all the products of the south temperate zone grow here in abundance.

Near the southern coast is the range of the Sierra Nevada mountains, the highest range in Spain. The summit of the highest peak (Cerro Mulahacen) is 11,650 feet above sea level. Other irregular ranges cross Spain here and there. The most important of these are the Pyrenees and Cantabrian in the north, and the Sierra Morena towards the southwest.

Much of Spain is poorly watered. The Guadalquivir is the only river that can be used for inland navigation. But the Ebro, the Jucar and the Guadiana, with lesser streams in the east and south, are useful for irrigation to a limited extent.

No country in Europe can compare with Spain in the variety and amount of its minerals. Iron, quicksilver, copper, coal, salt, gold, silver, tin, zinc, and about fourteen other metals are mined.

Farming is the leading occupation. Fields of maize, corn, wheat, hay; groves of olive, cork, orange; vine-

yards and gardens, all are seen; but the implements used, and the ways of cultivating and harvesting are ancient, being such as we find described in the Old Testament. The country even imports food products; but it is able to sell some things to other nations; wines, metals, fruits of the south, olive oil, cork, and fish.

In the seacoast provinces fishing gives employment to many. Tunnies, sardines, anchovies and salmon are the kinds of fish chiefly found. Along the southern coast fishermen dive for coral.

The variety of articles manufactured is great, but the amount is small compared with what it should be. Excellent silks are made in Barcelona and Valencia. Woolen, linen, and cotton goods, pottery, gold and silver, inlaid work, artistic furniture, iron gate-work, bronzes, gloves, olive oil, paper, brandy and cigars are a few of the things made.

Spain's first railway was opened in 1848, and was but seventeen miles long. Had we made our journey twenty years ago, we should probably have traveled on mule back, or in a queer old diligence drawn by mules. Railroad-building made slow progress; so all industries were crippled by this lack of means for transporting products, and by the lack of navigable rivers. Now the Spaniards are building excellent roads, and many of them. In 1899 they had 13,000 miles of railroads. Telegraph and telephone lines connect all the leading towns and cities.

Spain was first called *Iberia*. After the Romans conquered it, one hundred and ninety-seven years before Christ, they called it *Hispania*. Several races

had held possession of the Peninsula before they came.. These Roman conquerors held Spain five hundred years. During this time the native people became much like their conquerors in character, customs, and language.

In 414 A.D. the Goths, a barbaric race of the North, took possession of Spain and ruled there three hundred years. Roderick was the last king of the Goths. One of his generals, Count Julian, betrayed the country. He invited the Moors, an Arab race in Morocco, to invade Spain, offering to surrender to them the fortress of Gibralter and other strongholds. In Spanish history, Count Julian is called "The Traitor."

The Moors came, conquered all Southern Spain, settled there, and forced the Spaniards to flee, a handful of fugitives, to their northern mountain fastnesses. The Moors were an industrious, capable people, learned in art and science. They were excellent farmers as well, and built irrigation works still in use in the provinces of Andalusa and Valencia. They made southern Spain blossom with gardens, orchards, and fields, and beautified their cities with palaces and temples until no country was more prosperous in all the world.

By and by the Spanish people drove the Moors from the country and took from them their last city. The very year Columbus discovered America, Granada (the last Moorish stronghold) was conquered by the army of Ferdinand and Isabella, the sovereigns of Spain. It was after the Spanish army had entered Granada in triumph that Queen Isabella pledged her jewels to aid Columbus in his expedition.

The present King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, was

crowned at Madrid, May 17, 1902, on his sixteenth birthday. Up to that time his mother, Queen Maria-Christina, had ruled for him as Queen Regent.



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT PLEADING HIS PROJECT.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCES.

We cross the Pyrenees from France near the coast of the Bay of Biscay. At once we must change from French cars to Spanish ones, as the Spanish railroad is of wider gauge than the French. It was so built to make an invasion of the Spanish Peninsula as difficult as possible. Spain is protected on three sides and on part of the fourth by the sea. The Pyrenees complete her natural defences.

Our baggage must pass through the Spanish custom house, although we cannot understand the custom officer's Spanish, and he cannot understand our English. A deaf mute might as well try to travel alone in many parts of Spain, as one who knows only English. We are more than glad to have meet us here a friend who knows the Spanish tongue, and is ready to travel with us and teach us the language. Those of us who know Latin acquire a working knowledge of Spanish in about a month, since Spanish is derived from the Latin and closely resembles it.

Finally, we must buy our tickets to Madrid with Spanish money. How curious it looks! We do not know whether we are rich or poor with so many little coins in our purses. Our friend tells us their value. This *peseta*, a silver coin, is worth about twenty cents. Here is a *real*, also silver, worth five cents. One hundred of our copper *centimos* are worth a peseta. Clearly, centimos are the coins to give to beggars, if one intends to bestow many alms.

For a short stage of our journey to Madrid, we enter a cheap section of the train so that we may observe the people. The car is crowded with women, babies, nuns, priests, soldiers, and two or three tourists who, like ourselves, are there to observe the passengers. To our unaccustomed gaze the men look like brigands, being dark-faced, black-whiskered fellows who wear cloaks over their shoulders, and wide hats called sombreros. One of them wears a dark-green velvet jacket, long, loose, velvet trousers, hempen sandals, a blue cap, and a bright woolen sash around his waist. The sash serves as a pocket from which he pulls now a pipe,

now a knife, and now a half loaf of corn bread. All the men are smoking, but this is considered no discourtesy to the ladies present.

The soldiers have a drinking-jar, or earthen bottle, with a spout, from which they pour wine into their mouths without touching the bottle to their lips. They offer a taste of wine to all their neighbors; as it is an unfailing Spanish custom to offer part of whatever one is enjoying to all around one. When an Englishman tries to pour the wine down his throat, Spanish fashion, he finds it running down his neck.

Some black-gowned Sisters from a convent sit near us. They open their lunch basket and offer us part of its contents—bread, chicken cooked in olive oil, and a bottle of water. We decline their offer politely, and they do not press us to accept. While such gifts are always offered, one is not often expected to accept them.

According to the time-table, our train ought to delay here half an hour. We wait instead a whole hour, for no reason that we can see. The Englishman tells us Spanish people consider it poor taste to start their trains on time and travel fast. The most-used word in Spain is "*manana*"—to-morrow. Why do today, the people argue, what can be put off till tomorrow?

We fan, fight fleas, and grow impatient. The local passengers are far from clean, and their lunch-baskets smell of garlic. Then we remember that good travelers always take things as they come, cheerfully and with a laugh for discomforts. So we wait in patience and at last are off to make our way slowly through mountain and over plain to Madrid.

Let us mark our route on our maps. We must see Madrid, the capital of Spain, and its famous royal palace and picture gallery; Toledo and its cathedral, Cordova and its wonderful mosque, Seville ("the most Spanish city"), Gibralter with its rock galleries and defences, and Granada with its beautiful Moorish palace, the Alhambra—these are but the main points of our route. We shall make brief trips to the eastern coast cities, Barcelona and Valencia, and at last take a steamer to Portugal.



THE QUEEN REGENT.

MADRID.

Tired, hot, and dusty after the long journey over the sun-smitten plains, we find our hotel in Madrid, a pleasant refuge. It is an excellent modern hotel, fronting on the crescent-shaped square, called the Gate of the Sun. After a nap, or as the Spanish people say, a *siesta* through the mid-day hours, we step upon the little balconies projecting from our windows and look upon the stirring life of the plaza. It seems to be the

busiest part of the city. Streets open from it on all sides; tram cars meet here or go in all directions; carriages roll over its white paving; and people swarm about its walks and cafes.

Here are ladies in Parisian toilettes, ladies wearing the black lace or silk mantillas—a graceful head-covering, peasant women in native costumes, and servant girls, with kerchiefs knotted over their heads, filling stone water jars at the fountain in the center of the square. Nearly all these women are dark-eyed and black-haired, with dark rosy cheeks. A blonde is very rare.

Here go priests in colored gowns, men in long cloaks, turbaned Arabs from the neighboring African coasts, bull-fighters, handsome, and richly dressed, Sisters from the convent school, and street venders of every description. The cries of these last fill the square with their uproar. Water-sellers, newspaper hawkers, match venders, lottery ticket criers, and what-not keep at it early and late; they are the last thing we hear at night and the first thing in the morning.

We slip down to wander among the throng and sip a glass of sugared water in a cafe. The place is swarming with people. They call the waiters by two claps of the hand, a Moorish custom. Water seems to be the popular beverage, just as wine in France, and beer in Germany. The Spanish people are temperate, a race of water-drinkers. We find also that they are frugal in their diet. Some bread, a bit of salt fish or sardines, some olive oil, and water—that makes a meal for the Spaniard.

We must arrange our explorations of Madrid to suit

the climate. Mornings and evenings are cool enough to be tolerable. From twelve to three or four o'clock it is best to sleep, as the Spanish do. Standing on a sandy plain, over two thousand feet above the sea, Madrid has an uneven climate—bitterly cold winds



ON THE GREAT SQUARE OF MADRID.

prevail in winter, and intense heat in summer. But the air is clear and dry, and is said by physicians to be quite bracing for a great part of the year.

The capital of Spain is a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants. It looks much like any mod-

ern city, with wide, clean streets, large shops, cafes, theatres, parks, mansions of the grandes, and government buildings. From different points one may see to the northwest, the Guadarrama mountains, often snow-capped.

The royal palace, said to be one of the most magnificent royal dwellings in Europe, stands on a bluff one hundred feet above the Manzanares River. Its lower part is of granite; its upper, of beautiful white stone. It is built around a court, or patio, one hundred and forty feet square, which is adorned with statues of the four Roman emperors who were born in Spain—Trajan, Adrian, Honorius, and Theodosius.

We secure a permit to see the interior and wander through the splendid halls and apartments of state, the throne room, and the royal library, and then climb the grand staircase. Wealth is lavished on the King's dwelling, but the Government is in debt and the people are very poor.

The royal library on the first floor of the palace has about 100,000 books and manuscripts, treasures collected from all lands for two hundred years. One book is of peculiar interest to us. It is a missal, or mass book, exquisitely printed on vellum, with rich decorations in gilt and a binding of costly leather, almost covered with gold and jewels. On the fly-leaf in gold is the inscription, "*Ferdinand and Isabella, those most devout sovereigns, adorned this sacred book with the first fruits of the Indies.*"

The first fruits of the Indies means the very first gold brought from the islands of the new world by Columbus. Ferdinand and Isabella used it to decorate this

book for their grandson, who afterwards became Charles V., the tyrant ruler not only of Spain, but also of Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands, almost half of Europe.

This stately palace is now the home of the young King, Alfonso XIII, and his mother, Queen Maria-Christina.

THE BOY KING.

Alfonso XIII is the only monarch in history who was born a king. On May 17, 1886, the new-born boy

was laid on a velvet cushion which reposed on a silver salver, and in solemn state was thus presented to the great men of his kingdom, while cannon thundered all over Madrid in celebration of his birth. They had gathered—all these grandees, lords, and nobles—in a room of the palace to see the child, and at his appearance a cry went up, "Long live the King."

Of course there was great rejoicing throughout the country over this wee king. The child of their beloved King Alfonso XII was gladly welcomed by the Spanish people. From the first he has had to be gazed at, talked about,



KING ALFONSO XIII.

and put on show. Sometimes, in babyhood, his conduct at court receptions was far from kingly. He has been known to cry out at the top of his lungs when princes or lords were making him fine speeches. Once when a Duke, a great man of the kingdom, was making an address before the king and his royal mother, the king cried so loud as to drown the speaker's voice. The Queen, who was holding her child, was greatly distressed, but the Duke gave up his address, merely saying, "When the King speaks, his subjects must keep silence," whereupon everybody laughed and the King "had the floor."

King Alfonso was christened, where he was a few days old, by the Archbishop of Toledo, who is head of the Catholic Church in Spain. A vast assemblage of the nobility and statemen witnessed the ceremony of baptism. His full name is enough to make any baby cry:

"Alfonso, Leon, Ferdinand, Marie, Jaime, Isidore, Pascal, Antonio, *King of Spain, of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Seville, of Cardenas, of Cordova, of Corsica, of Marcia, of Jaen, of Algarves, of Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of the Indies, East and West, of India and the Oceanic Continenl; Archduke of Austria; Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and of Milan; Count of Hapsburg, of Flander, of Tyrol and Barcelona.*"

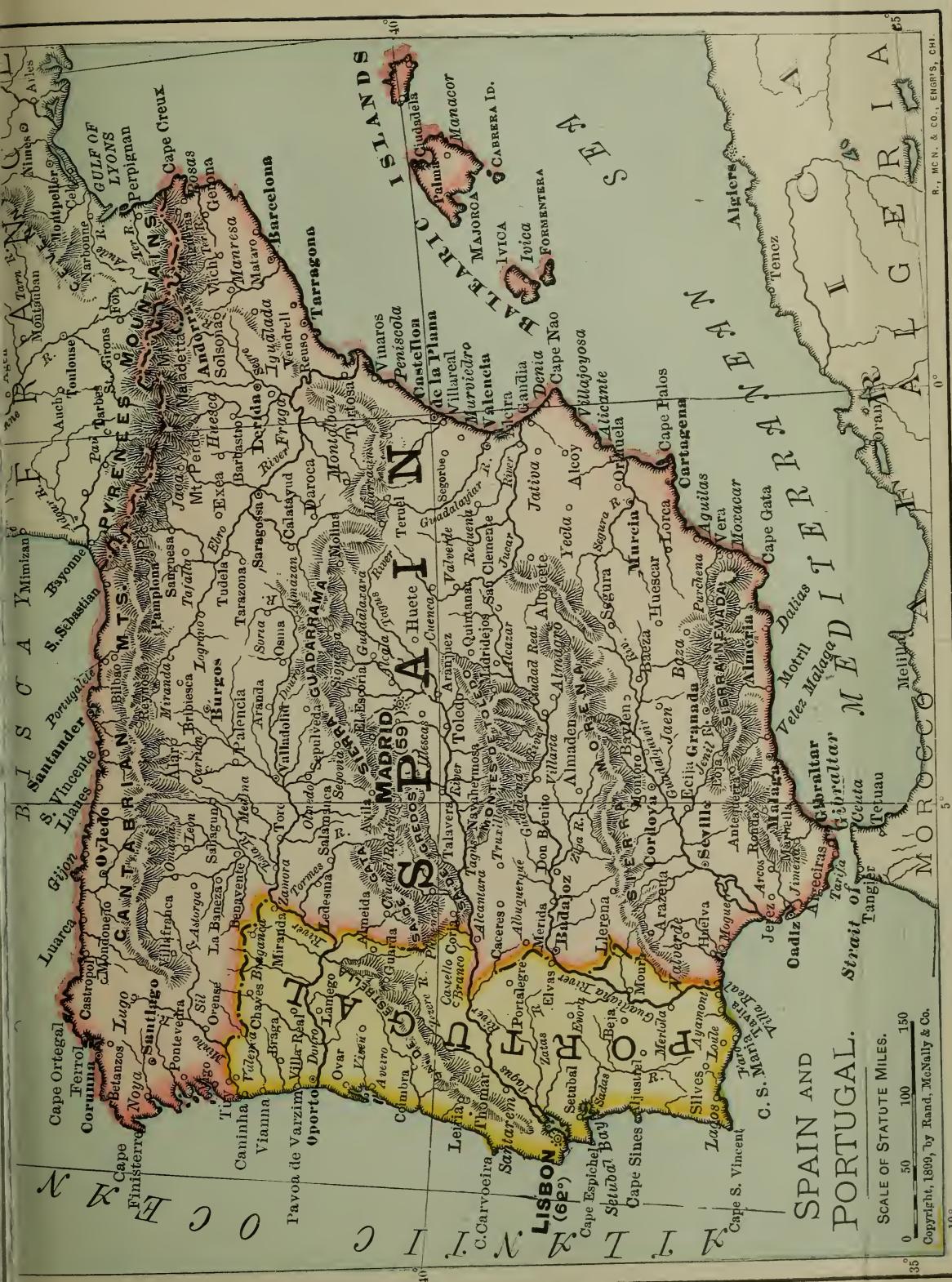
Of course he does not sign his name in full to every letter he writes! Every time this little bit of royalty was sick, had a tooth, or jabbered a new word, all

Madrid was interested to learn of it. Spanish children have always been eager to know about their little King. They often play that *they* are Alfonso and imitate his doings in their plays. The Spanish Congress, called the *Cortes*, voted the child an allowance of one million four hundred thousand dollars a year.

In a way, the King has to earn his living, for he must be forever holding audiences, attending court ceremonies and appearing at public meetings. When but a few months old he was brought out upon a balcony of the Palace to review the army! Military bands played while thousands of Spanish troops rode or tramped past the baby King.

The coronation ceremonies occurred in Madrid, May 17, 1902. The city was decked with bunting, flags, flowers, electric displays, and yards and yards of fine tapestries, which hung from balconies. Music, bull-fights, open-air feasts, and the like were a part of the programme. The coronation ceremony was brief and simple. Sagasta, the Prime Minister, administered the oath of allegiance to the Constitution and the people, after which His Majesty the King rode at the head of a splendid procession of coaches and troops to the church, where the Archbishop of Toledo held High Mass.

When we visit the royal stables near the palace, we see the beautiful thoroughbred horses, and magnificent white and gold coaches used in the coronation procession. Then we go to the Armory and look upon swords, helmets, shields, and "Toledo blades," and upon a troop of figures of kings on horseback, covered



SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.

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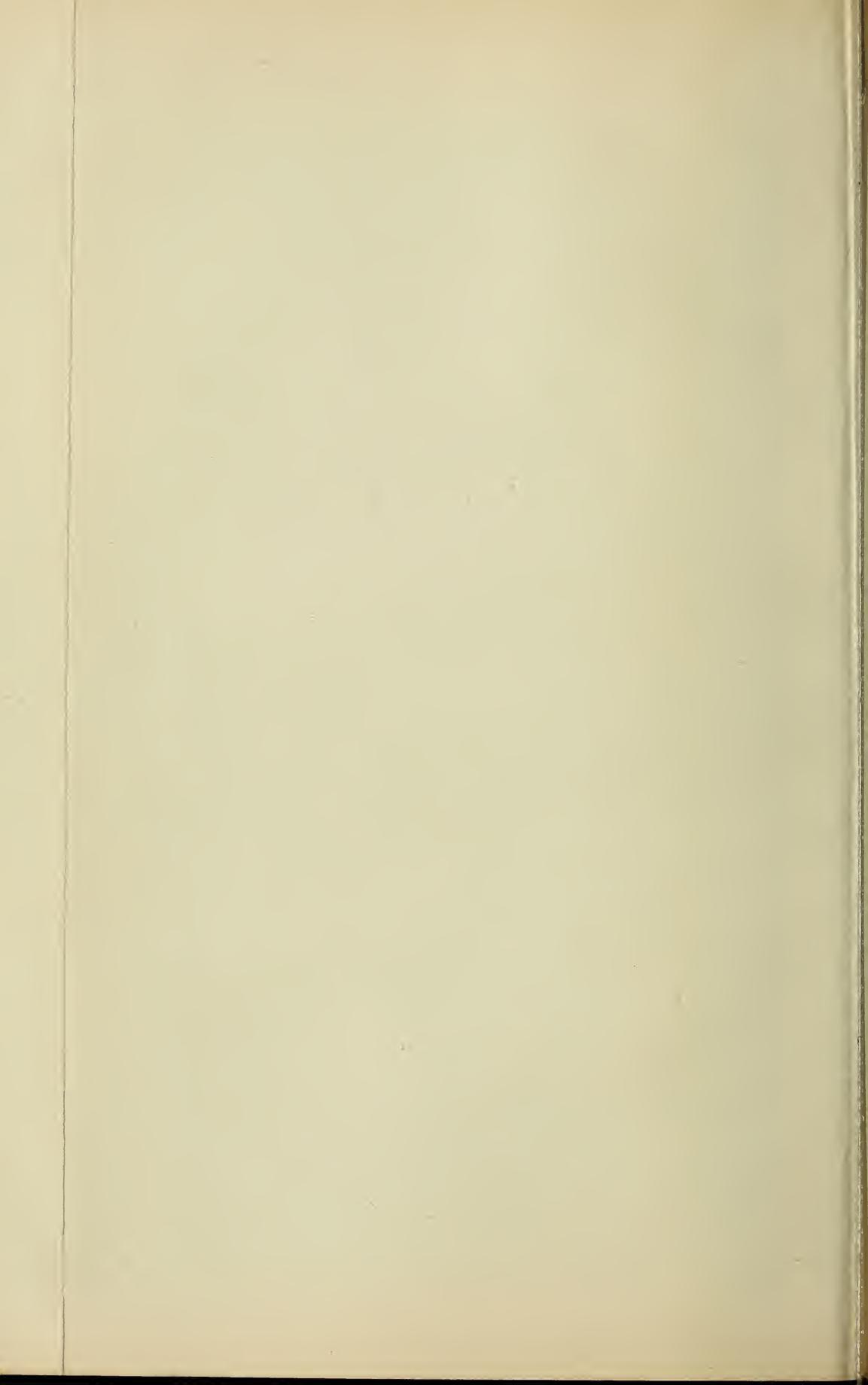
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with suits of armor. From here we drive past the Government Buildings which are scattered about the city.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN MADRID.

Madrid's lofty apartment houses remind us of Paris. Their fronts are of plaster, sometimes painted in bright colors. They have handsome tiled entrances and are often fitted up quite elegantly. A separate family lives on each floor, using one staircase in common. In search of a more Spanish quarter, we go into the section called Old Madrid. Here the houses have tiled roofs, tiny iron balconies before each window, and quite often iron bars over the windows. These last are to keep the young lady daughters of the family from leaving the house unattended! In olden times the daughters were guarded almost like prisoners. For that matter, they are still. A young, unmarried woman must not be seen on the street alone; must never see the man whom she is to marry except in her parents' presence. It is not an unusual thing, however, for the young man to stand under her grated window and serenade her. Sometimes little notes pass through the bars.

The Plaza Mayor is the largest of Madrid's seventy-two squares. It is encircled by an open portico and is entered only by arched ways. We pass through the Plaza into Toledo Street, a queer old market-street frequented by the lower classes. Shabby side-streets open from it on either hand. Along its walks throng peasants, tradespeople, beggars, priests, grimy-looking children, and perhaps a dark-skinned Arab, in white turban and full white cotton trousers. The street

looks as if it were a scene on the stage, with the curtain just risen for the play to begin.

Every manner of odd and end is for sale in Toledo street—guitars, melons, red and yellow blankets, peaches, basket-work, fans, red and green peppers, carved wood-work, matches, tomatoes, olive oil, and water cooled by blocks of snow from the Guadarrama



ROYAL GALLERY, MADRID.

mountains. Snow is much used in Madrid instead of ice. Water is sold everywhere on the streets. The supply is brought from the mountains by a canal and is distributed to fountains, irrigating ditches, and dwellings. Were it not for irrigation, not a flower could be raised or a tree grown in Madrid. Water is

hawked about the streets from stone jars slung over the shoulders of carriers, who bear trays of glasses in their hands. Sometimes mules bear the water jars, carrying them in baskets swinging at their sides. Wherever one goes—in the parks, on the streets, even at bull-fights—the cry of the water-seller is heard: “Water, water, who wants water?”

Everywhere one hears the tinkling of mule-bells, donkey-bells, and ox-bells. Here comes a woman in a yellow flannel skirt, sitting on a mule. Great panniers on either side of the mule’s back are full of water melons.

Here are gypsy girls, black-eyed, black-haired, in tawdry, filthy cotton gowns, with shawls about their shoulders. Here is an ox-cart from the country. It has solid wooden wheels and is hitched to the oxen’s horns.

We step into a shop to buy some carved sticks called molinillos, used for mixing chocolate. The shop-keeper greets us with great dignity. We must mind our manners in Spain. Every Spaniard, high or low, expects the most courteous treatment, and gives the same in return. The shop-keeper calls us “Your Grace” and tells us that he lays himself at our feet. Then he asks us much more for the chocolate sticks than he intends to take for them. We politely offer him less, and after bringing him down to the proper price, bid him “Adios,” expressing the hope that God may remain with his worship. He again assures us that he lays himself at our feet and adds a hope that we may “go in God’s keeping.” Thus we buy our cholate sticks.



THRONE ROOM.

There are various evil smells in the streets leading from Toledo street. Indeed, one seldom escapes from bad odors in any part of Spain. Here is the Rastro, a

dingy street filled with booths where the weekly fair is in progress. There is a dazzle of color from the shop-goods and mule-trappings. Mules are decked in brightly-colored head-gear, fringed and tasseled, with strings of bells around their necks. Sometimes the beasts are so loaded that only their heads and legs appear. Huge bundles of hay, baskets of vegetables, or panniers full of fruit cover their entire body.

Beggars in rags, with every manner of disease and deformity, lie about in the sun, sleeping. Or they follow us, with outstretched hands, asking alms. They often make cripples of themselves, and cultivate disease, in order to gain more money from the sympathetic tourist. Beggars are licensed by the Government and are encouraged by the Church, which makes it a virtue to feed paupers. Monasteries and convents in some parts make a point of feeding beggars as often as they are able. The wretched creatures are most numerous in places visited regularly by tourists. We have learned the stock phrase with which to refuse them. We just wave our hands graciously and say, "Pardon me, brother, for God's sake." This is supposed to silence them. Sometimes it does; sometimes they persist, even growing impudent and cursing us. If they have a deformity, they thrust it in our faces until, to be rid of them, we give them a few centimos. Then they call on all the saints to bless us.

Second-hand articles are heaped on the sidewalk of the Rastro in a grimy mass. Amid the medley of guns, combs, and pots and pans, sits an old woman, on the pavement. She wears a faded kerchief knotted

about her shoulders, another on her head. She sits flat on the sidewalk, selling glasses of water or shrub drinks, from stone jars. Near by, a beggar lies asleep in the sun. Here comes a pretty country girl with rich



COUNTRY FAMILY CARRIAGE.

dark skin and abundant coils of black hair. She wears an embroidered crimson shawl (probably made in Manila) and has a yellow paper rose stuck in her hair.

Look at this family party on mule-back! The mother sits in the saddle, a baby in her arms. Baskets full of children hang on the mule's sides, while a bare-footed boy leads the animal. We pass an idler "taking the sun." He sits on a bench strumming a guitar, happy and contented, though he has probably not a peseta to his name. "Taking the sun" is a necessity with all Spaniards, peasants or aristocrats. Here are two little girls clicking castanets* and dancing in a space surrounded by pumpkins and potatoes.

The Prado, a promenade and magnificent walk, is the popular resort of an evening. The walk is 230 feet wide, is bordered by rows of iron chairs, and after dark is lighted by thousands of electric lights. Carriages, four abreast, pass up and down the driveway. Horsemen canter in and out among the carriages; pedestrians loiter under the trees; and children play games on the grass. Wooden booths are opened to dispense cooling drinks. Sugar blown to a feathery lightness, and flavored with lemon, orange, or vanilla, is dissolved in cold water, making a favorite beverage. There are also shrub syrups, and a frozen cream of queer flavor.

Tertulias are in progress. These are gatherings of friends, usually at the hostess' home. But on the Prado a *tertulia* is a group of friends who draw their chairs into a circle for conversation and amusement.

A friend is invited to the hostess' house once and for all, and is expected to drop in for conversation or dancing any evening. The hostess may even be away at

* Castanets are little ebony sticks shaped like shells and fastened together in pairs. They fasten to the thumb and are clicked together to beat time for dancing.

some other friend's tertulia ; that makes no difference. A little company gathers to talk, dance, and have music. Refreshments may not be served, or, if they are, only the simplest of dainties are offered. Perhaps merely glasses of cold water are passed, or little cups of thick chocolate and small sponge cakes (which are to be eaten after dipping them into the chocolate).

We watch the groups of friends on the Prado. A few of the women wear mantillas, but these becoming head-dresses are seldom worn now except to church, and mornings, while shopping. All the women have fans, which they flutter constantly. The uses of the fan in the hands of a Spanish woman are numberless. The pretty, costly trifles are opened, waved, shut, dropped, caught up and re-opened, with a grace and swiftness of motion that bewilder one.

We go to the Parque de Madrid, a park laid out with drives, gardens, walks, and decorated with statues. There are a pond, several pavilions, two or three cafes, and crowds of well-dressed people. The wealthy class frequent the Parque. Bands play here in the evening.

We drive along the Manzanarez, "a waterless river." It is spanned by several strong bridges. We smile at the sand bed which they cross—a sand bed through which little streams wander. Some one has suggested that the king ought to sell his bridges and buy water for the river. In the rainy season, though, the Manzanarez becomes a raging torrent and its bridges are none too strong. Now, the washerwomen of Madrid are at work on the river banks. We see them kneeling beside their boards, scrubbing their linen in the pools of water which they dam about them by means

of sand embankments, or boards. Their clothes lines stretch like telegraph wires up and down the center of the river bed.

On the *Florida*, a deserted promenade along the Manzanarez, is a wayside shrine to Saint Antonio, the patron saint of quadrupeds. Mules, horses, and donkeys are brought here, at a certain time of the year, to be blessed by the priest. After being blessed, they are shaved by gypsy barbers, who clip the hair of the upper part of the body to the skin, leaving designs on their sides of flower vases, trees, crosses and even mottoes.

If we should follow the river road into the country, we should come to the village of El Pardillo, which Longfellow describes in *Outre Mer*. Country seats of the nobles, royal residences, villages, and villas are scattered about the plain around Madrid. Some are reached by tram cars; others by drives. Here and there a grove or a garden flourishes, the result of irrigation.

BULL-FIGHTS.

Often we see on the streets of Madrid handsome, graceful men who wear their hair braided in pig-tails and coiled in a hair net. They wear wide black hats, tight trousers, and embroidered jackets. These are the *matadors*, or members of the bull-ring. People look after them admiringly, esteeming them great heroes. To our minds bull-fights are brutal and shameful.

The matadors are said to be brave, daring, and generous to a remarkable degree. If any charity needs money, they give a bull-fight to raise the sum. They

have even been known to give a bull-fight to raise money for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

Bull-fights are held on Sundays, from April to October. People go to church in the morning and to a bull-fight in the afternoon. Like most tourists, we condemn bull-fights, but go to see one.

We find the road to the amphitheatre a cloud of dust, with an uproar of noise that is deafening. Booths

and side-shows crowd on all sides. Water peddlers and fan sellers shout their wares. People are pushing through the dust at a mad pace. Cabs, carriages, broken-down coaches, rattling old vehicles of every description—all rush ahead as if everything depended upon a speedy arrival. Mule bells tinkle, drivers shout, whips crack and confusion is everywhere.

The amphitheatre is a huge circular stone building, roofless, and having within a wide ring called the arena, around which is a strong

fence. Beyond this barrier the seats rise tier on tier, the upper rows being covered. There are seats for 15,000 or more people. Seats "in the shade" cost us two and a half dollars apiece.

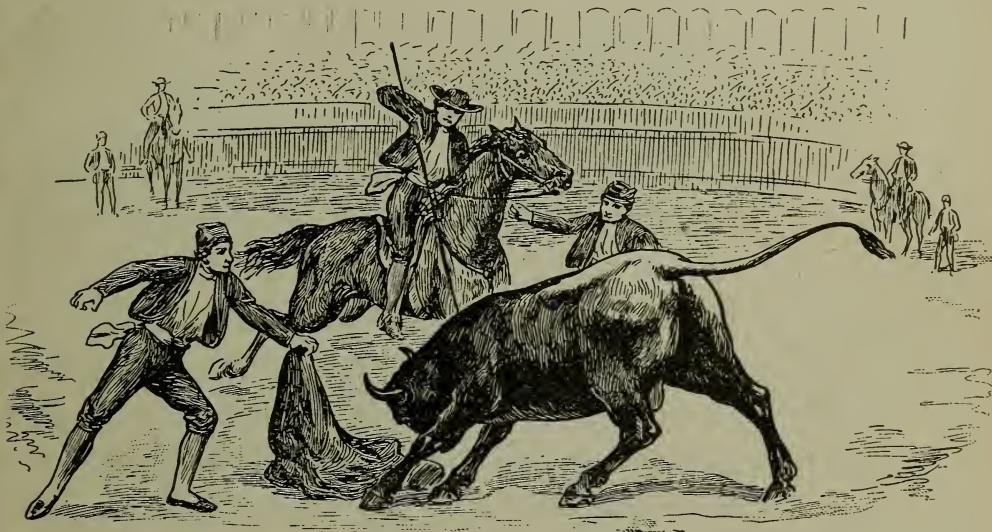
As we enter, our eyes are dazzled by the glare of light on the sandy arena. Filling the seats which rise above it are thousands of human beings. There is a blaze of color from the flashing fans of the women,



BULL FIGHTER.

a movement, a hum of voices, an air of excitement and expectancy. All this fills us, too, with excitement. Men are smoking, and orange venders are hawking their fruit, when suddenly a trumpet sounds.

A door is flung open into the arena, admitting the performers. They enter in procession and file around the ring. At the head are the policemen on horseback. They wear old Spanish uniforms of black velvet, with plumed hats. They ride around the arena to see that



THE BULL FIGHT.

everything is in order. Following them are the *picadors*, men who ride old, used-up cab horses, which are to be the victims of the bulls. The picadors are armed with spears and wear strong armor over abundant padding—this on the side which they intend to expose to the bull. Next come the *banderilleros*, men in fancy costume, who carry barbed darts loaded with powder, which they intend to stick into the bull's neck. The *banderilleros* are on foot, as are the *chulos* and *mata-*

dors who follow. The chulos carry cloaks of scarlet, crimson, violet and canary color, to wave at the bull. The matadors, ending the procession, are greeted with thunders of applause. They are the idols of the ring—the skilled swordsmen who at a stroke must kill the bull. The matadors are gorgeously dressed in silk and velvet, with gold and silver embroidery. On their arms are brilliant red cloaks.

After circling around the ring, the procession pauses before the box of the president of the games. A plumed rider advances, makes a deep bow, and asks for the key to the bull-pen. It is thrown to him, while all withdraw except the picadors and chulos. A signal is given, the pen is opened, and there rushes from it an angry bull, which tosses its head with surprise at the sudden light.

Then it sees the horses of the picadors. Poor old horses! Being blindfolded, they know not their danger! Dashing in fury at the nearest one, the bull lifts it on his horns and hurls it upon the ground, while the audience cheers wildly, but we cover our eyes in horror.

The picador must be dead, but no—the instant his horse is hurled in air, the chulos rush at the bull, waving their cloaks. This draws the bull after them, giving the picador a chance to save himself. If the horse is still able to move, it is raised to its feet and remounted.

Meantime, the bull has sent all the chulos skipping over the barrier, has gored another horse, and has leaped the barrier in pursuit of the chulos. There is a terrible space of time during which the chulos save

themselves by flying over the fence into the ring, while the bull crashes into the jars of a water peddler, sending everything to the winds, and striking terror to the hearts of several fleeing fruit venders. The bull has it all his own way, dashes back into the arena, kills two more horses, and shows no sign of fatigue. The audience roars itself hoarse with delight.

Amid it all, a picador is wounded and carried from the arena. Perhaps he will die. He is taken to the little hospital attached to the bull-ring; where a surgeon is in attendance.

The Church strives to put down bull-fights, but, being powerless to accomplish its desire, does what it can for the victims of the ring. A priest is always present to give the last rights of the church to those injured so as to die.

After the picadors leave the arena, mules in gay harness are driven in, to drag away the dead horses. Men in red caps rake fresh sand over the blood pools; and banderilleros take their turn at playing with the bull. Everybody in the ring is there at the risk of his life, yet each goes about his business as calmly as if it were but play.

The banderilleros must approach the bull face to face and stick their barbed darts into its shoulders, at the same time saving themselves from its horns. The darts sting the animal to madness. Poor bull! we begin to pity him. He has not fair play from beginning to end; neither have the blindfolded horses. Only the men who torture them are protected and comparatively safe.

Having wrought up the bull's passions to the high-

est pitch, the banderilleros leave, the arena is deserted, and all is now ready for the matador. He enters, advances to a place before the box of the president, and makes a little speech:

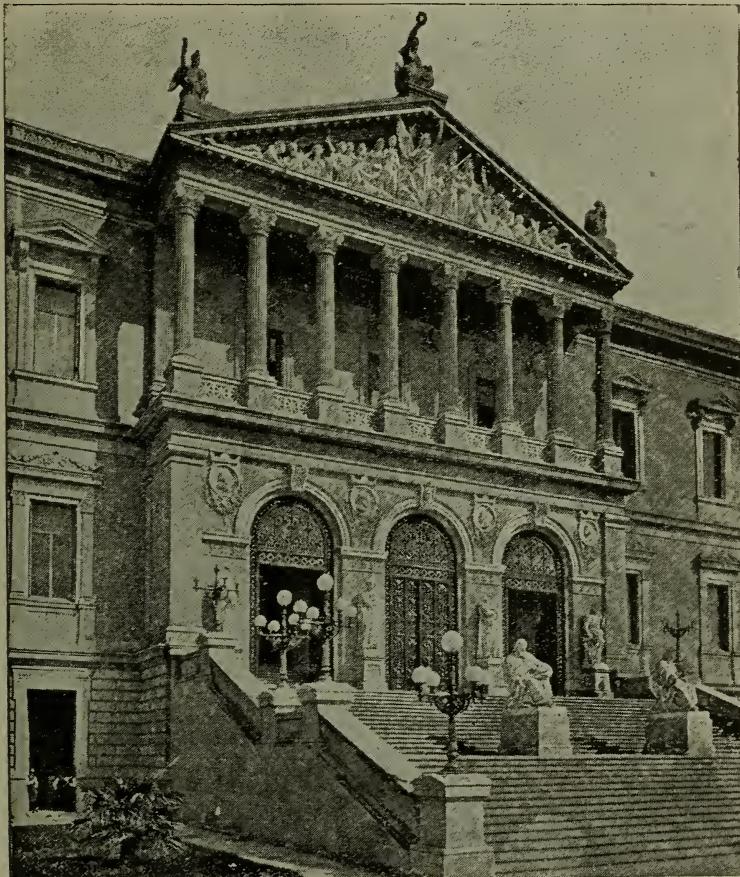
"I go to slay this bull for the honor of the people of Madrid and the most excellent president of this tournament."

Flinging his cap to the ground, he advances to meet the bull, sword in hand, and cloak ready. With the cloak he waves the bull comes forward. When it makes a vicious dash at him, he leaps lightly aside, leaving the surprised bull to rend the air with its horns. Then there follows a wonderful display of daring, agility, and coolness on the part of the matador. The bull is baffled in a hundred ways while tearing around the ring in a useless effort to gore his tormentor.

At length the bull's time to die has come. The matador walks directly toward the animal, evades its attack, and by a quick movement plunges his sword into its neck. The blow must be at exactly the right point. The animal sinks in death, amid loud applause, while the matador bows to the audience. The people go wild. They fling hats, cigars, oranges, and fans at him. He tosses back everything except the cigars. This ends the first scene of the program.

We are glad to leave, but people everywhere are opening lunch baskets and offering part of their feast to those about them. Fruit and water sellers start up again; and all prepare to pass the time eating, drinking, and smoking. Eight more bulls and twelve more horses are to be sacrificed during the afternoon. We wonder to see ladies present, and even children, at

this "game." We should never wish to come again. It is said that Alfonso XIII attended one bull-fight, but grew so sick and faint then that he never has appeared in the amphitheatre since. Some of the royal family do go at times; not the Queen, however.



NATIONAL MUSEUM, MADRID.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Madrid has a picture gallery, unsurpassed by any in the world in its collection of fine paintings—pictures by Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish old masters. Its two thousand or more masterpieces are housed in a long, low building on the Prado. In the catalog we read the names of Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyck, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, and many, many others. Let us

look especially at the pictures painted by Spain's two great artists, Velasquez and Murillo.

Velasquez pictured Spanish life as he saw it in his day and as it still remains. His pictures show the horses, the dogs, the beggars, the cloaked men, the peasants, just as we may now see them in Spain. Yet Velasquez died about two hundred and fifty years ago. So his pictures prove, even if we did not know it anyway, that Spain is still old Spain, unchanged in most of its ways.

This artist was born at Seville, of parents able to give him every advantage of training and education. In his earliest studies he devoted himself to sketching the commonest things about him—flowers, fruit, faces, and the simplest articles seen in the market-place. He said that he would rather be the first painter of common things than the second in higher art. He studied the faces, character, and costumes of people until he had mastered the art of reproducing them with his brush. His pictures seemed peopled by living creatures. Finally the King made him court painter and would allow no other artist to paint the royal portrait. Velasquez lived in Madrid, honored and sought after until his death.

Here in the gallery hangs his picture of the "Surrender of Breda." It is crowded with figures of knights and soldiers who carry lances—so many that the picture is often called "The Lances."

Here is another famous painting, "The Maids of Honor." It represents Valasquez himself in his studio, painting the portraits of Philip IV, the Queen, and their little daughter. Maids of Honor are grouped about the Princess, trying to amuse her.

Perhaps his most famous picture is "The Topers." It shows a group of drunken fellows paying homage to an ivy-crowned comrade who is seated on a barrel. It represents the mock coronation of Bacchus, god of wine.

"The Spinners" and "Vulcan's Forge" are almost equally famous. The former represents women spin-



NATIONAL MUSEUM AND LIBRARY AT MADRID.

ning in a large room, while a specimen of their tapestry is being shown to lady customers. The latter is a view of the village smithy—such a smithy as we could see to-day in any Spanish village.

Let us turn now to the pictures by Murillo, Velas-

quez's friend and pupil. They will delight us quite as much, though in an entirely different way. Murillo was Spain's great religious artist, and painter of saints, Virgins, and Infant Christs. Now and then he came to earth for his subjects, and painted beggars with a skill that showed his close knowledge of low-class life. His works may best be studied in Seville, where he lived, died, and was buried. Here we see "The Conception," an exquisite picture of the Virgin; "The Vision of San Ildefonso," a representation of the Virgin giving a mantle, or *chasuble*, to the Archbishop of Toledo; the "Adoration of the Shepherds"; the "Infant Saviour," giving a drink out of a shell to St. John; with many others.

We visit the Escorial, a vast palace which stands on lonely, barren hills a short distance north of Madrid. It was built by the stern, gloomy King, Philip II, who wanted thus to show his gratitude to Saint Lawrence (his patron saint) for giving him a certain victory in war. It took over nineteen years to build the Escorial, and the cost was more than thirteen million dollars.

The Escorial is also a church, a monastery, a tomb for kings, and a museum of art. It is not beautiful, but is so huge that Spaniards call it the eighth wonder of the world.

TOLEDO.

Toledo rises on granite terraces above the Tagus, like a great fortress with an encircling river for a moat. No other city has so lordly a situation. Nor can one see elsewhere such a quaint, strange old town, where crumbling churches, palaces, and walls are dead with age but alive with historical memories.

Stand on *The Vega* (the plain) below and look up at the venerable city, as the sun sets behind its highest palace. Is it not indeed "Imperial Toledo"? Or let us mount this ancient omnibus and rattle up the



GATE OF TOLEDO.

cliffs, crossing a bridge and passing through a massive gateway of the old walls, which look for all the world like a picture in an ancient history. Once Toledo was

a proud capital, with two hundred thousand inhabitants. Now it has but twenty thousand people, most of whom seem to have been asleep several hundred years, ignorant of the rest of the world and forgotten by it.

Our hotel is in a street so narrow and crooked that we must reach it on foot, for an omnibus could not pass between the buildings. We enter the hotel through a wide-arched passageway which leads to a brick-paved *patio*, or court. In the patio the odor of a stable greets us, while a mule brays from a dark recess. Mounting a stone staircase, we meet in the tiled corridor above a new assortment of smells, seemingly arising from garbage, garlic, and mould.

All this is very Spanish and very disagreeable. We fear to look at our rooms, but find them clean though bare. The floors are brick-paved, the beds are iron, and the chairs and tables are covered with white dimity. Heavy wooden shutters over the windows make us feel like prisoners. Hot as it is outside, our vast, high-walled rooms are too cool. So we clap our hands in the corridor for a servant, who brings us a charcoal brazier—a pan filled with live coals.

We rest ill at night. Fleas and mosquitoes attack us, rats scamper in the passage outside our rooms, donkeys bray in the stables adjoining the patio and the night-watchman, or *sereno*, calls the hours under our windows in a long, wailing sentence telling the state of the weather. We peer down upon him from our little balconies, as he creeps along the steep, narrow way, his lantern casting a light upon the dark house-walls. He wears a sash girdle from which hang

bunches of keys. In one hand he carries a lantern, in the other a long pointed staff. Toledo has electric lights—the only modern thing about it—but our street is in darkness. To see the night-watchman moving down this ancient street is so much like a chapter from a story-book that we always hop out of bed at the sound of his voice, to enjoy his passing-by.

In the morning we step out upon the little iron balconies before our windows and look at the strange bit of city below us. Massive stone houses shut in the crooked, alley-like street. The houses have wide, arched entrances which open upon passageways leading to patios. Curious lamps in wrought-iron brackets are fastened to the house-walls; iron balconies are before the windows and are filled in places with pots of growing plants. Everywhere colored canvas curtains hang from the tops of windows to screen interiors from the blazing sun. Other curtains are stretched from roof to roof across the street, making it dark and shadowy.

On the cobble-stone paving below us a mule scrambles down the steep way, baskets of water jars slung to its side. The driver stalks in front, a picturesque figure with a cloak wrapped about him, sandals on his feet, and his lash over his shoulder. No noise comes to our ears except the scramble of donkeys' hoofs, which pass and repass, the animals carrying all kinds of things in their panniers: bricks, bread, vegetables, melons, crockery, milk cans, and the like. There is no rumble of wheels, no roar of traffic, no screaming of factory whistles.

Here first we depend solely on Spanish cookery. Breakfast is merely coffee and bread served to us in

our rooms. The coffee is served with goat's milk. Spaniards really eat but two meals a day, one at noon, the other in the evening. Our dinner is in four courses, with plates for everything stacked high before each guest. Soup, salt fish, cold ham, and cheese form the first course. Rancid olive oil flavors each dish. Next comes *puchero*, the national dish, being a medley of



MILK VENDER.

onions, garlic, potatoes, sausage, ham, red peppers, oil, tomatoes, and other odds and ends. We eat away, holding our breath so as not to smell what we eat, and presently the third course appears. Here is an omelette cooked in oil, roast meat—from what animal we cannot guess—and more cheese. Fourth

and last we have a salad of lettuce, tomatoes, and cucumbers covered with oil and water, ending with a dessert of oranges, nuts, raisins, and figs. Supper is much like dinner.

Toledo houses have great, heavy doors which look like prison doors. They are studded with large iron or bronze nails, have old-fashioned knockers—sometimes

two door-knockers, one placed high for horseback riders—and have peep-holes cut through the thick wood, whence those within once upon a time looked out upon the guest who knocked, to see whether he was friend or foe. Dangerous times has old Toledo seen, when the Romans held the town; and after them the Goths; and after the Goths the Moors, and after the Moors the Christians.

Curtained balconies, grated windows; tiled roofs, where grass grows, and where clothes are hung to dry; flower-decked patios, seen through old archways—one never tires of looking at these aged dwellings.

We walk around the city walls, look at crumbling gates, cross bridges which were ancient landmarks before Columbus was born, and explore nooks in out-of-the-way quarters where the very donkeys and beggars are too sleepy to look at us.

The shops are small and ill-supplied. We enter some of them to buy apricots, also the celebrated *mazapanes*, a pasty of almonds and sugar, made in the shapes of saints, horses, fishes, and the like, and sold in fancy boxes. Shopkeepers stare at us as if we were Figi Islanders. Beggars follow us; and street gamins hoot, "The French! the French!" believing that everyone who is not Spanish must be French. On the drives outside the city there is a stir of life in the evening hours, while the upper class take their airing. Fine views may be had from here of wooded hills with villas of olive groves, almond trees, castle ruins, and of the historic old Tagus River.

But through the hot hours of day all Toledo takes a siesta. Many sleep in the sun on the sidewalks, with

not a thought of earning a living. Sometimes there is a little movement when women in gaudy-colored skirts fill their jars at a fountain, with a loitering step bear-



DON QUIXOTE.

ing them away resting on their hips. "Toledo blades," the once celebrated swords, are still made here; but they have not their ancient excellence. The time was

when no sword was thought worth buying except a Toledo blade.

Tourists visit Toledo chiefly to see its beautiful cathedral. Its sparkling stained glass windows are not surpassed by any in the world. Its wood-carving, marble columns, bronze doors, statues, paintings, tombs and chapels—the richness and beauty of them all draw us to this spot again and again. This cathedral is the seat of the Archbishop of Toledo, called the Primate of all Spain, which means that he is at the head of the Catholic Church in Spain.

We are present at High Mass in the cathedral, an impressive service. The two organs make glorious music. When the Host is elevated, a chime of bells in the towers rings out in wild clamor, while the whole great audience fall upon their knees in reverence.

The Church of St. John of the Kings is famous for its lovely cloister. The pillars and arches of this cloister are exquisitely carved. Artists from many lands come here to see them. In the court, rose, myrtle, jasmine and a tangle of other sweet-scented flowers and shrubs make a bower around a fountain. High on the outside of this church hang chains taken from the Spanish captives who were delivered from Moorish bondage at the fall of Granada in 1492. We look at the chains wonderingly. There they have hung since Columbus set forth on his unknown voyage.

South of Toledo we cross the province of La Mancha, made famous by Cervantes, Spain's great novelist, in his story of "Don Quixote." The hero was a half crazy old man, named Don Quixote, who imagined him-

self a powerful knight and who rode about La Mancha on a rawboned horse, in search of adventures.

SPANISH MINES.

Between Toledo and Cordova we turn aside to visit Almaden, a mining village, the center of the famous quicksilver mines. The Almaden quicksilver (mercury) mines are the oldest known in Europe and the richest in the world. The metal is found in veins about twenty-five feet deep and is but one part of an ore which contains other minerals as well. The mercury is separated from the ore by heating; the liquid mercury thus obtained is strained through dense linen bags and stored in wrought-iron bottles or leather bags, thus to be placed on the market.

We find many thousand hands at Almaden, working day and night in the arched stone galleries and wells. We know some of the uses of mercury; we have seen it in thermometer bulbs and possibly have taken it as "blue mass pills," and as "calomel." Too large a dose of any of these mercury preparations may produce *salivation*—a bad state of the mouth in which the teeth grow loose and sometimes fall out. We have seen the mercury coating on the backs of looking-glasses, have had it used in the fillings of our teeth, and learn that it is an important metal in scientists' work-rooms.

The copper mines of Rio Tuito, south of Almaden and about thirty miles from the Mediterranean coast, are also very rich, being probably the largest in the world. They have been worked since the time of Christ. They yield each year over a million tons of

metal, which is shipped to England, France, and Germany. The ore of these mines contains sulphur, which is separated from the copper by a process carried on in the open air. Fumes of sulphurous acid have destroyed all vegetation for miles around in this region.

Bilbao, a seaport on the Bay of Biscay, is the center of the iron industry. From its great docks nearly four million tons of iron ore are shipped daily. Bilbao has large smelting works also, and with its iron trade has become the leading commercial city of Spain.

THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

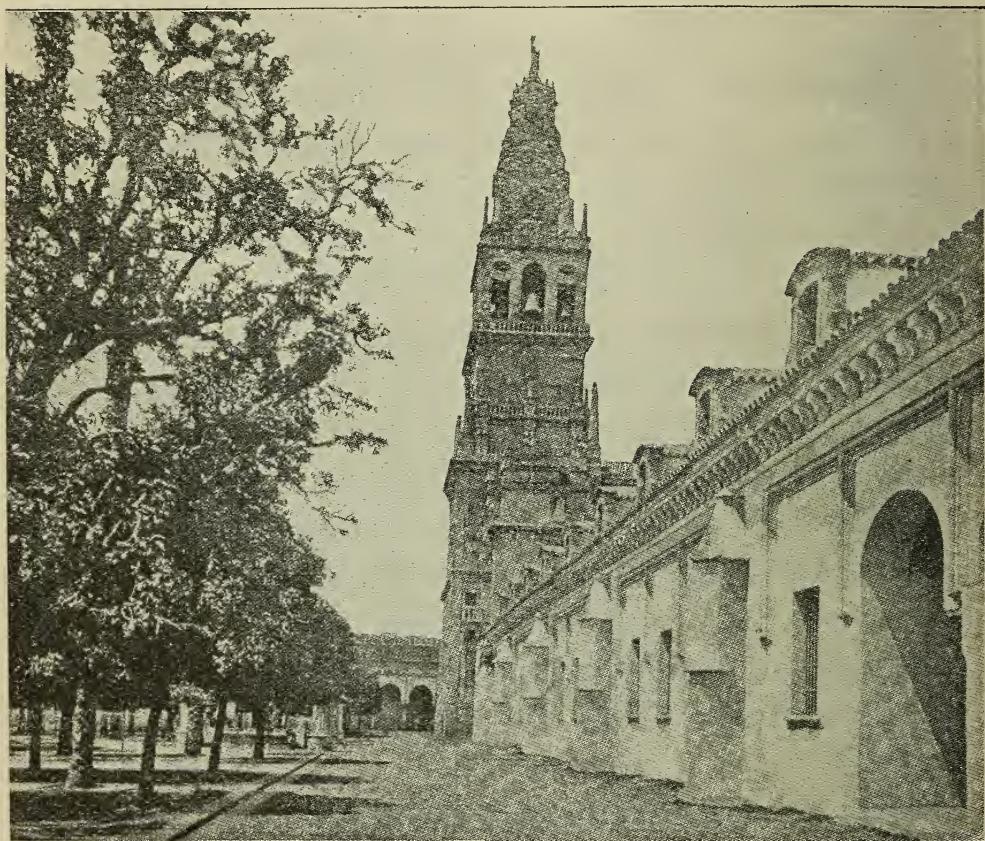
Here we are in Cordova—an old, old city fallen asleep by the banks of the Guadalquivir. We have come to Cordova to see its mosque, one of the marvels of the world. A mosque is a Mohammedan temple, though the one at Cordova is now used as a cathedral.

Nine hundred years ago Cordova was the capital of the western Mohammedan Empire. It was the center of learning and art when all the rest of Europe was but half civilized. The city had then nearly a million inhabitants, grand palaces, six hundred mosques, one thousand baths, eight hundred schools, and a library of six hundred thousand volumes. Now it is but a neglected place with only its mosque to prove its former splendor.

The outside of the great mosque is a plain wall like that of a fortress. Passing through the wall by the Gate of Pardon, we find ourselves in a shady court, called the Court of Oranges. Glossy-leaved orange trees fill the place. Some of these trees are a thou-

sand years old. Under them are benches where priests, beggars, soldiers, and children idle or sleep.

We enter the mosque and see at first only a multitude of marble columns, stretching in long vistas, like a forest of trees. In the dim light of the distance we see a figure flitting among the pillars--some traveler



MOSQUE AT CORDOVA

like ourselves, come from far-off lands to view this wonderful temple. An enchanted palace? It seems so. Look at the arches—horseshoe-shaped—spanning the spaces between the pillars. Their carving is as delicate and graceful as the Moors alone knew how to execute it.

A thousand columns support the arches. They are of porphyry, jasper, verdantique, and various colored marbles, black, white, emerald, and rose, having been brought from the far East—some as gifts from kings and princes for the adornment of the temple. Once these columns were decorated with gems, the carved cedar and larch of the ceiling were richly gilded, and hundreds of hanging lamps lighted the place. Once, too, there were nearly two thousand columns.

Olive groves cover hundreds of square miles around Cordova. The yearly production of olive oil in Spain is about seventy million gallons, and might be greater if the trees were properly cultivated.

The trees are seldom over thirty feet in height and are of a hard, close-grained wood valued by the cabinet-maker. Some of them are hundreds of years old. Often the crop is exceedingly heavy, but never during any two successive years.

We like to watch the people gathering the fruit. It should be picked from the trees by hand, but Spanish harvesters have no mind to take so much trouble. Men shake the boughs or knock down the olives with clubs; often the fruit hangs on the trees until it drops naturally and then lies on the ground waiting for the owner to remove it. Girls and boys gather it in bags, which are taken to the oil mill on mule carts. At the mill the olives are crushed into a pulp and covered with water. When the pulp is pressed, both oil and water run into the tank beneath the press. The oil rises to the top of the water and can thus be skimmed off and bottled. Olive oil is used for cooking and is eaten by the Spanish on almost every article of food.

Fruit picked while yet green is used as a dessert. It is soaked in alkaline lye, washed, placed in bottles, and covered with salt water. Sometimes spices are added. The leaves and bark of the olive tree are used as a medicine in fevers.

WE VISIT A MONASTERY.

Spain is a Catholic country. The Roman Catholic Church and its clergy are supported by the government. The Roman Catholic priests and members of religious orders in Spain number nearly half a million. Protestant churches and missions are established throughout the kingdom, but the number of Protestant Spaniards is very small.

Thousands of Spanish men and women give themselves to a life of poverty, discipline, and religious work. They take vows never to marry, and live apart from the world, the men as monks in monasteries, the women as nuns in convents. Two Spanish monks known to all the world for their piety, and their life of toil for the Church, are Ignatius Loyola and Cardinal Ximines. Loyola founded the religious order of the Jesuites in 1534.

Ximines was made confessor to Queen Isabella in 1495, but rich and powerful though he was, still lived on coarse food, slept on a bare floor, and wore under his rich robes a hair shirt, being true to his vow to give up all luxury.

We visit a monastery in a valley near the mountains. When we ring at the gate for admission, a little panel is opened by a pale-faced Brother, who inquires our errand. On receiving our permits to visit the place he opens the gate and welcomes us most cordially.

The Brother wears a coarse gown, and a cowl over his head. He leads us through the main dwelling, a great old stone building in which the halls are stone-paved. The walls are whitewashed, and the furniture plain. Here is the refectory, or dining-room, a long,



CONCERT IN A MONASTERY.

narrow hall with board tables and benches. Here are the Brothers' cells, tiny rooms, stone-floored, each with a niche in the wall, supplied with a coarse mat for a bed, and a high grated window to admit the light.

Some excellent paintings adorn the chapel, and there is a library fitted quite elegantly with comfortable furniture and shelves upon shelves of books.

The Brothers rise at five, have hours for prayer both morning and afternoon, besides arising in the night for two hours' devotions; and they also do a great deal of work during the day. They have the care of their olive and orange groves, raise delicious fruits in their gardens, do much of their own housework, study, feed the poor who come daily to their doors, and entertain many guests.

There are monasteries in Spain where the Brothers live each in a solitary hut, and where the food is but coarse, hard bread and beans, while the discipline is most severe. The monks scourge themselves with thongs, wear harsh hair shirts, dig their own graves, and keep a skull always in their cells to remind them of death.

The life of these Brothers is one of "obedience, humility, worship, study and work." If one of them is ill, he is cared for in the infirmary. If one does wrong—commits a sin, or breaks a rule—he must confess to the abbot and do penance. Midnight vigils, imprisonment in his cell, scourging himself, and the like are the commonest forms of doing penance.

SEVILLE.

"Fair is proud Seville, let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.

Byron.

And now "the most Spanish city" lies spread out beneath us. Standing on the topmost platform of the Giralda, an ancient Moorish tower, we look abroad over the tiled roofs of Seville. We see its wharves along the Guadalquivir where ocean vessels are loading and

unloading, its tower and palaces, its bull ring, its encircling plains and orange groves.

This is the capital of the Province of Andalusia, the sunniest, most favored part of Spain. Seville is so old that we will not bewilder our brains by trying to think back to its beginning. This Giralda Tower where we stand was built sometime between 1000 and



IN THE GYPSY QUARTER.

1190 A. D. It was designed by a Moorish architect who is credited by some with having invented Algebra. His name was Geber.

The Giralda is three hundred and fifty feet high. It has an inclined driveway to the top up which the Arabs used to go on horseback. Crowning the tower

is a female figure of Faith, fourteen feet high and weighing twenty-eight hundred pounds; the figure is a weather vane and turns easily with the breeze. Twenty-two bells on the tower, each named for a saint, summon to evening prayer, for the Giralda is now used as a bell tower for the cathedral.

The Seville cathedral is the second largest church in the world, St. Peter's at Rome being first. The church of Notre Dame of Paris, says some one, "might walk right up the middle aisle." It is not only vast in size, but beautiful also in interior form and decoration.

It has lovely stained-glass windows, richly-carved and decorated chapels, columns, arches, and altars. When we walk about its dimly-lighted aisles, the columns supporting its arched roof seem like the slenderest shafts. Yet they are as big as towers. The High Altar is adorned by rows on rows of statues and has to be ascended by great staircases. The font candle is a huge thing the size of a vessel's mast and weighs two thousand and fifty pounds. The two organs seem built for giants. When their music bursts forth it is like thunder; yet it is none too powerful for the great church.

We find a marble slab in the pavement which marks the resting-place of Ferdinand, the son of Christopher Columbus. Numberless paintings, gems and images enrich the different chapels. In one chapel is Murillo's "Vision of St. Anthony," representing the saint praying, while the Infant Jesus descends amid cherubs, flowers and streams of light.

A strange religious ceremony is still held in the Seville Cathedral. At the festival of Corpus Christi



VISION OF ST ANTHONY

choir boys perform a solemn dance before the High Altar. The boys wear elegant costumes (knee breeches) and a jacket which hangs from one shoulder, plumed hats, and buckled shoes. The garments are of silk and velvet, with much rich gold embroidery. The colors are red and white for Corpus Christi, and blue and white for the Virgin.

"The boys, holding castanets in each hand, advance, danc-

ing with much grace and dignity, until they reach the front of the High Altar; there they remain, striking their castanets and performing slow and very graceful evolutions for some time, gradually retiring again as they came in, dancing, down the nave."

Long ago, when the Archbishops of Toledo objected to this dance, the matter was laid before the Pope. The dancing boys went to Rome and performed before His Holiness, who finally said that Seville might keep its ceremony until the boys' costumes wore out. As the garments are all the time repaired, they never wear out. So the dance goes on.

In 1884 an earthquake damaged part of this cathedral, and in 1888 a large portion of the southern aisle fell. Repairs were at once begun, however.

Near the cathedral is the Columbine, a library founded by Ferdinand Columbus. It contains, among other curious books and manuscripts, a tract written by the great Columbus himself, in which he declares that his discovery of the New World was prophesied in the Bible.

Seville lies chiefly on the left bank of the Guadaluquivir. River steamers here are loaded with oranges, olive oil, and cork to be sent to other lands. The city has a busy trade with all parts of Europe, buying manufactured goods from England, drugs and wines from France, cheese and butter from Germany, sugar from America and spices and silk shawls from China and the Philippines.

Its libraries, churches, palaces, and galleries are full of art treasures. Its houses are Moorish, its streets

are winding lanes, its climate is sunny, and its people the most picturesque in Spain.

Let us walk down this crooked way. Sunlight does not enter here, for awnings of sailcloth are stretched from roof to roof to protect one from its heat. Here comes a donkey loaded with milk cans. We must step into a shop to escape being crushed, for the donkey fills the street. Many of these streets are so narrow that a donkey cannot turn around in them. Opening upon this street are cafes, where people are chatting, smoking and drinking lemonade; clubs where men are idling, gambling or reading newspapers; shops which are fine city shops while others are no larger than china closets. These last are like bazaar booths, with fronts entirely open. Counters run along their backs, on which we see displayed many tempting wares:—terra cotta jars, lace mantillas, fans, and other souvenirs. One crooked street is called “The Serpent.”

The people are interesting. Spanish señoritas are on their way to early mass. In Spain a married lady is called *Senora*; an unmarried lady is *Senorita*; a man is called *Senor*. The title *Don* is prefixed always to the first name of a gentleman. It is like the English Sir or Mr. These Spanish señoritas always dress in black for the street. They wear lace mantillas to church, as hats are never worn in Spanish churches. Always they carry a fan, and almost always their hair shows a flower for ornament.

We pass gypsies, bull-fighters, and dark-faced, careless idlers who hang around the church-steps or sleep under any convenient bit of shade, with not a copper in their pockets, but great content in their hearts.

These idlers are the happy-go-lucky folk, so often found in Spain, who, it is said, breakfast on a glass of water and dine on an air on the guitar—with not a wish ungratified.

Hovels and palaces are jumbled together in Seville. The houses are flat-roofed, square, and built around patios. Their stucco walls are sometimes tinted pale pink, orange, blue or yellow, and sometimes are shining white. Houses of the rich have overhanging balconies, brightly painted and filled with flowering plants. The windows are heavily grated and come almost to the ground. Lamps in wrought-iron brackets ornament



TAMBOURINE GIRL.

the outer walls. Arched entrances have wrought-iron

gates through which we have glimpses of the beautiful patios within.

We attend a *tertulia* in one of these homes. The patio is turned into a drawing room (or parlor). The awning which shades the court by day is drawn back. Numberless lights gleam from the overhanging balcony. A fountain plays in the center of the marble pavement, while growing palms, and orange-trees, myrtle, jasmine, and lilies make a tangle of greenery around it.

Here in this patios we sit on cushioned divans, listening to the music of piano and guitar, dancing or chatting, while our elders play chess, sip chocolate, or gather around the card tables. These patios are the gathering places of the whole family at all hours of the day.

Some of the houses have grass-grown, tiled roofs, where the family washing is hung to dry. Many look as if they could not stand a siege of cold weather. No stoves are to be found. Charcoal braziers are the only heating appliances.

We go to the Alcazar. It is a Moorish palace, second only to the Alhambra at Granada, which we have still to see. Without it looks like a fortress, but within it is a place of splendor. Great apartments of state (Seville was once the capital of Spain), terraced gardens, summer houses, marble baths and lovely courts, follow one another. In the fourteenth century Peter the Cruel reigned here. We see tiled walks in the garden which are pierced by tiny holes through which jets of water can be thrown. Peter the Cruel had them so arranged. He thought it fun to turn on the water and surprise the ladies of his

court with a wetting when they were having a quiet walk in the garden. He was a tyrant who had many of his subjects beheaded.

A tram car takes us across the river to Triana, a suburb where there is a celebrated porcelain factory in an old monastery.



THE INFANT CHRIST—MURILLO.

A vast amount of porcelain and pottery is made from clay found in the Guadalquivir. Triana is the sailor and gypsy quarter. These Spanish gypsies are a strange, wandering folk — ignorant, fierce of temper, and often lazy. They are a picturesque people, having flashing black eyes, black hair, and wearing tawdry clothes of vivid colors.

Gypsy women are famous dancers. One may see them dance in some of the Seville cafes. The dance is not so much a movement of the feet as it is a writhing and twisting of the body, with graceful motions of

the arms, while the dancer slowly advances and retreats, seeming not to move the feet. Comrades beat time with their feet while clicking castanets, playing the tambourine, clashing cymbals, or strumming guitars.

The cigar manufactory of Seville is the largest in the world. We have often met the "cigarette girls" on the street. They are gay and saucy in manner, wear bright fringed shawls, have flowers in their hair, and flutter fans. Now we go to see them at work in the immense building called the government tobacco factory.

About seven thousand five hundred women and girls are employed in making cigars and cigarettes. The older women make the cigars; the younger ones the cigarettes. We enter a great stone hall where the air is hot and heavy with the odor of tobacco. A buzz of chattering voices meets us, increasing as soon as we are seen. Three thousand or more girls sit at the benches nimbly filling cigarettes. They take a pinch of tobacco, quickly fill the cigarettes, roll them, clap them into bundles, and never for a moment cease their chatter.

Because of the heat they have removed unnecessary garments. Skirts, shoes, and shawls hang against the walls. Some of the girls look pale and wan, but most of them are hearty looking, while a few are very pretty. Their manners are not pleasing. They laugh at us, call scornful questions, and urge us to give them money. The noise, the heat, and the odor of tobacco make our heads ache. Yet the work is said to be wholesome, for while the plague raged in Seville every tobacco employee escaped it.

In the cigar room the older women are making less noise. They have their babies in cradles beside them—poor little tots that cry dismally. One mother, worn out with the heat, is asleep over her work; another is praying before a shrine to the Virgin built against the wall. Up and down the long room are many of these shrines, with candles burning before the images.

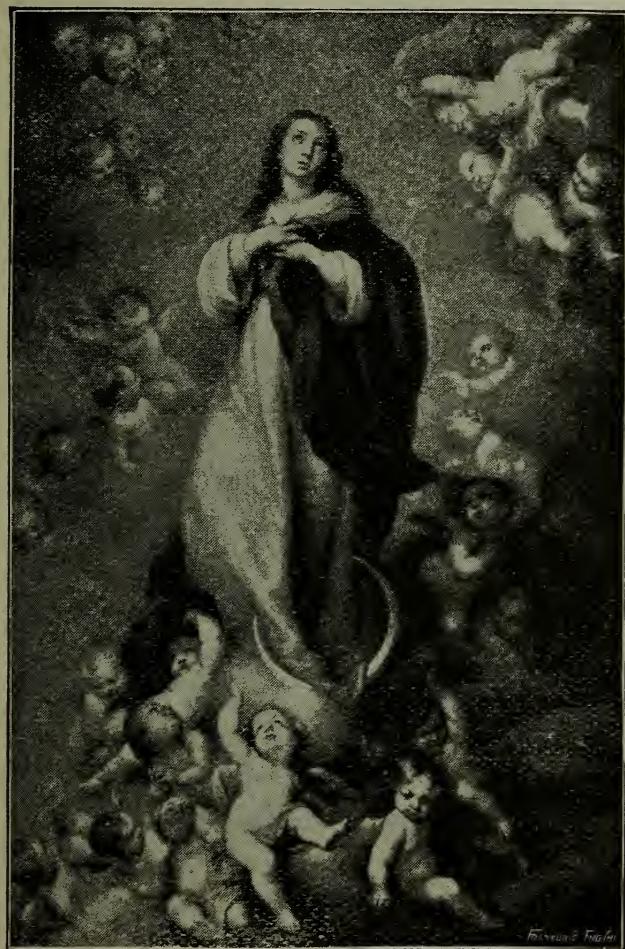
The factory is guarded as if it were a military prison, to prevent the smuggling of tobacco. Every person is watched as she passes in and out. Poor souls, their lot seems hard; they are paid but a *peseta* a day. But most of them are the gayest of the gay.

Early one morning we visit a fair in Fair Street. A collection of second-hand rubbish, shoes, books, crockery, prints, and various rag-tags are spread over the street paving, leaving but a narrow path for customers. Here is the place to see quaint people and costumes—a cigarette girl with rose-colored skirt and fringed yellow shawl, with a pink rose stuck over her ear; a man in a heavy blue cloak; a peasant with velvet trousers, and a scarlet sash wound about his waist (a knife sticks in the sash folds), a beggar in many-colored rags; an aged knife-grinder; an old woman frying cakes in olive oil over a pan of coals which stands on the pavement; a chestnut vender—we watch the queer, amusing scenes, too interested to make purchases. In one place we come upon a barber carrying on his business in the open air. His customer holds a basin of soap suds, sitting with bent head while the barber scrapes and cuts with the manner of a gypsy barber handling a donkey.

One can never be low-spirited in Seville—this happy, sunny city, where laughter and music fill the air. Evenings we drive in the *paseo* and watch the fashionable people taking their airing (the banks of the river are lined with parks and drives); or we make a tour of the old city gates, many of which were built

by the Moors; or we sit in one of the plazas and hear bands play, while men, women, and children sit on benches under the trees and enjoy the music till a late hour.

There is a gay scene in a space along the railroad by the river, whenever we visit it, but especially on Sunday. Merry-go-rounds, swings, fakirs' tents, barrel organs, side-



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—MURILLO.

shows, and what-not, make us think we are at a county fair at home. Seville people seem to stay up all night, for music, dancing, and "jollifying" are still at their height when we fall asleep. And it is still noisy when the night-watchman wakens us with his cry:

"Hail Mary, most pure! Twelve o'clock has struck."

We save Murillo's pictures till the last of our visit. Some are in the picture gallery, some in the chapel of the Caridad convent and hospital.

Murillo was born in Seville, of parents poor and humble. He had no opportunity to study—no advantages whatever—until a distant relative gave him some lessons in drawing, having noticed his skill in sketching. But at the age of twenty-two Murillo was left to make his own way.

He began to paint rude pictures on wood which he sold at the fair in Seville. Persons going out to America, to convert the people of Peru and Mexico, bought numbers of these little pictures of saints and Madonnas. Murillo turned his paintings without any thought of doing good work until one day he saw some *real* pictures, paintings by a Spanish artist named Goya.

Looking at Goya's pictures, Murillo made up his mind that he, too, could excel as an artist, had he but the chance to travel and study. So he made his own chance. Having bought a large piece of canvas, he cut it into little squares and painted thereon pictures of saints, Infant Christs and Virgins. With the money obtained by the sale of these pictures, he started on foot for Madrid.

In Madrid Velasquez, then famous, gave him a home, and lessons in his own studio. Murillo worked hard, meantime studying the masterpieces of the Madrid picture gallery. He made rapid progress, and in time returned to Seville, where he won both fame and fortune. His house still stands in the Jews'

Quarter; but his grave, which was in a church since destroyed, is unmarked.

The chapel of the Caridad holds four of his paintings—"The Infant Saviour," "Saint John of God with an Angel" (which represents St. John carrying a sick man while an angel assists him); the "Miracle of the

Loaves and Fishes," "Christ Feeding the Five Thousand," and "The Thirst," a picture of Moses striking the rock.

The picture gallery has a rich collection of Murillo's works. We notice especially "The Conception," a picture of the Virgin; "St. Thomas Giving Alms," Murillo's favorite picture; "St. Anthony of Padua,"



GRAPE AND MELON EATERS.

and "St. Francis Embracing the Crucified Saviour."

We are sorry to leave Seville, the bright city of pleasure—the city of the fan, the guitar, the song, and the fandango. Even the beggars delight us, they are such picturesque bundles of rags. And where else shall we see such parks and playgrounds, with magnolias, palms, water, paths, fountains, oleanders, orange-

trees, laughing children, picnicking families, dancing groups on park lawns, and gay onlookers who clap their hands, click castanets, snap their fingers, and clash cymbals in happy accompaniment? All about this city are orange groves where children toss the fruit about, or fill the panniers of donkeys till the animals look as if loaded with gold.

From Seville we make an excursion to Palos, a seaport, whence Columbus set sail in 1492, though it no longer has a harbor. We visit there the convent of La Rabida, at the gate of which Columbus once begged bread.

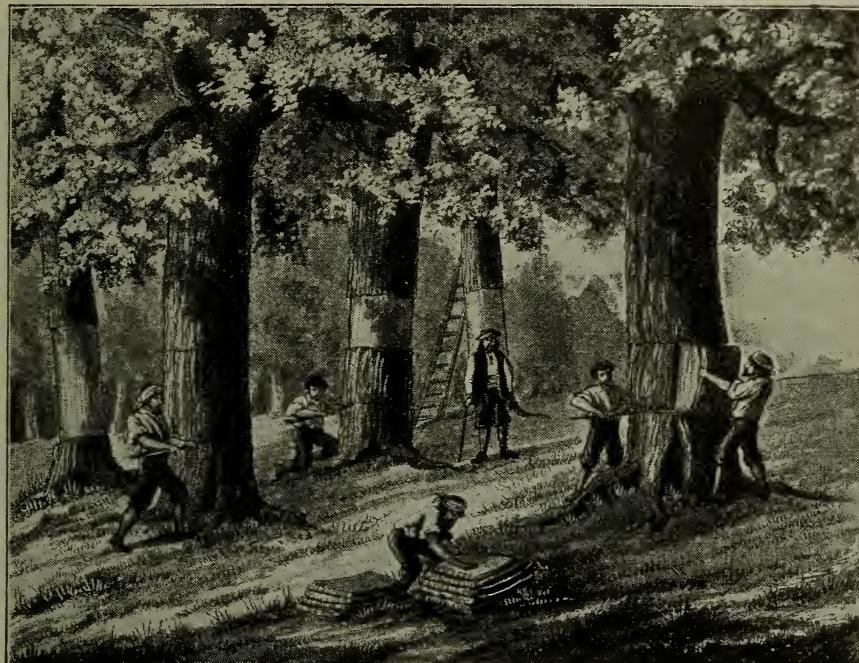
We go to Cadiz, one of Spain's three most important ports—Bilbao, Barcelona, and Cadiz. Vessels from all the world crowd its harbor. Great quantities of "sherry" wine are shipped from here. We watch vessels here loading with wines, fruits, and cork.

CORK TREES.

All through southern Spain are cork forests. These cork trees supply the stoppers for our bottles, also shoe soles, hat linings, life belts and jackets used to save people from drowning, cork legs for cripples, and many other things in common use.

Cork is the outer layer of the bark of the cork tree, an evergreen oak which reaches a height of from thirty to forty feet. The trees are from fifteen to twenty years old when the first stripping of bark is made. From then on every eight or ten years, the bark is removed, growing better with each cutting. The cutting season is in July and August. One hundred fifty or more years is the usual life of a cork tree.

The bark is stripped by making two cuts around the tree, one near the ground, the other just below the main branches. This band is then divided into sections by lengthwise cuts, care being taken not to split the inner bark. The sections are carefully pried off, soaked in water, scraped and cleaned, heated, and



CORK TREES.

pressed on a flat surface. Heating closes the pores and improves the cork. Many of the corks for bottle-stoppers are cut by hand, though machines are sometimes used for this purpose.

GIBRALTAR.

A steamer takes us from Cadiz to Gibraltar. We follow the Spanish coast-line and from our post on deck see Cape Trafalgar, the scene of the naval battle between the fleets of England and Spain, the latter

being aided by a French fleet. Lord Nelson, the English Admiral, was the hero of this sea fight. At the opening of the battle he hoisted this signal: "*England expects every man to do his duty.*"

He himself lost his life at Trafalgar, while doing his duty nobly. In London we saw a monument in his honor, in Trafalgar Square.

Presently we run so close to land that the fort and lighthouse at Tarifa are clearly seen. Tarifa Point is but nine miles from the African coast. In the days of sailing vessels, all ships had to run close to Tarifa, being brought hither by the winds. So the robber inhabitants always forced the captains to pay duties on their cargoes. Our word *tariff* comes from the name of this town.

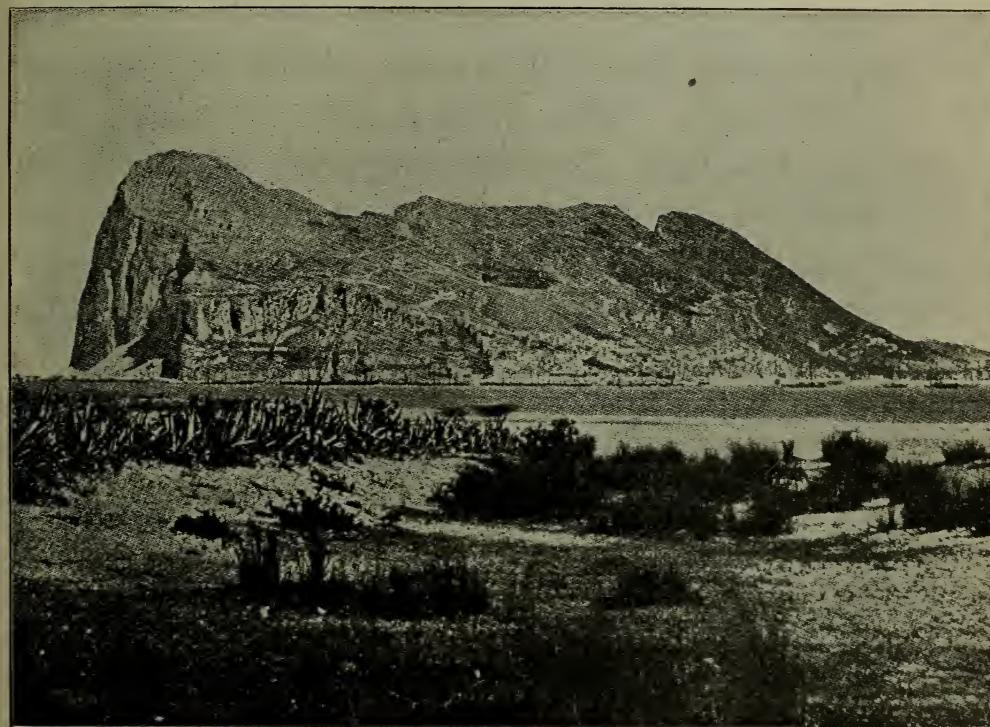
At length the Rock of Gibraltar looms before our eyes. This mountain of rock, rising one thousand four hundred and thirty feet above the sea, is one of the Pillars of Hercules. The town of Centa and its mountain Abyla, on the African coast, form the other Pillar. In ancient days no sailor on the Mediterranean dared venture beyond these Pillars.

Gibraltar Rock is held by England. It is not only a natural monument of great grandeur, but it is also the strongest fortress in the world. Looking at it from the sea, it appears like a lion at rest, with its face turned toward Africa. Every change of our ship gives it a new appearance. It is a lion, a castle, a pyramid, a shaft of rock. Always it is huge and wonderful.

A Berber invader, called Tarik, who captured Gibraltar from the Spaniards in 711 A. D., gave his name to the rock. Gebel-al-Tarik means Rock of Tarik.

England has owned the rock since 1704. If Spain ever gets it back, she must either buy it or receive it as a gift, for no army in the world could take it as it is now fortified.

From our ship the rock looks barren of vegetation but on landing we discover that it is green with pal-



GIBRALTAR, SPAIN.

mettos, prickly pears, myrtle, almond trees, fig trees, clematis, and other shrubs and vines. We stay at an English boarding-house, which lies close under the shadow of the rock on its western side.

The extreme end of the rock facing the sea is Europa Point. Its sides are almost perpendicular and are crossed and re-crossed by lines of batteries. The rock is three miles long and about one mile across at its

widest point; and every nook and corner of it bristles with guns.

The tiers on tiers of galleries tunneled through the rock form a curious part of its defenses. We are taken through them and see the cannon which stand with mouths pointing through openings in the sides of the rock. These openings cannot be discovered from the sea, being concealed by the foliage covering the sides of the precipice. The galleries are twelve feet high and twelve feet wide. Some of them are large halls. Here is St. George's hall, fifty feet long and thirty-five feet wide, where a banquet was given to Lord Nelson just before the Battle of Trafalgar. We should not care to be in these galleries when the cannon are fired, for the noise must be terrific.

A garrison of about five thousand English soldiers is kept at Gibraltar all the time; and there are always on hand supplies enough to keep a garrison of one hundred and fifty thousand men for two years.

By special permit we are allowed to go to the Signal Tower on the highest point of the rock, where we have an outlook over two seas and two continents. The Atlantic, the Mediterranean, Europe, Africa—a patch of each lies before us.

Martial law rules in Gibraltar. The gates are opened and closed by gun-fire. Morning gun-fire is about six o'clock, depending upon the time of year; evening gun-fire is about half-past nine. Once, when we strayed across the *neutral ground* (a strip of land dividing the English rock from the Spanish mainland) and paid no attention to the evening guns, we found ourselves locked into Spain for the night.

FROM MÁLAGA BY CARRIAGE.

Another brief sea voyage lands us at Málaga, a city in a narrow plain facing the Mediterranean, with hills and mountains bounding it on the north and west. We feel at home in Málaga, for we find English spoken at the hotels, clubs, shops, and cafes, while the streets are broad and paved, with new-looking, modern shops.

Málaga is called the most *cosmopolitan* city in the Peninsula, because it is the home of many people of different lands. Its dry, sunny climate makes it a resort for invalids. It has a large trade in wine, fruits and raisins. At the great warehouses we see them shipping raisins. Over two million boxes are shipped each year.

The vineyards around Málaga and Valencia furnish grapes for most of the raisins which we buy at home. All are called "Málaga raisins." Sometimes they are made by allowing clusters of ripe grapes to hang on the vines until dried by the sun; sometimes the stalk is partly cut before the grapes are quite ripe. This stops the flow of sap and thus dries the fruit. Most often the clusters are cut from the vine and spread out to dry either in the sun, or in a hot room—this last way producing a poorer quality of raisin. Often the grape clusters are dipped in boiling water to give the raisins a glossy appearance. The finest Málaga raisins are made from Muscatel grapes. They are treated with great care and are sold as clusters for table use. More common kinds are separated from the stem.

From Málaga we drive to Granada through a fruitful region full of orange groves, figs, vineyards, cane-fields, indigo trees, aloes and prickly pears. On the

trip we take a diligence ride, in a lumbering old coach drawn by six mules abreast, which are gaudy with red and yellow woolen tassels and tinkling brass bells. The postilion is a boy in a red jacket who rides one of the leaders. He carries a bugle from which he sounds a blast as we sweep into a town, and his pockets are



SPANISH PEASANTS.

filled with stones to throw at the mules. The coachman also has stones — a little heap of them beside him on the seat—and a whip. When he is not cracking his whip or throwing stones, he is pouring water down his throat from a pigskin bottle. When we race into a village, it often seems as if we should not live to

race out again, for the mules go at breakneck speed through the narrow streets, the wheels of the diligence fairly scraping the house-walls. Everybody rushes out to witness our arrival and departure.

Here we go through a narrow mountain pass; and here we cross a dreary stretch where we see a pile of stones topped by a rude cross. This little monument

tells a tale of highway murder. In days not long past Spanish roads were not safe for unprotected travelers, being haunted by brigands—desperate men who robbed travelers and even murdered them. These brigands used to set up a cross on the scene of their crimes, believing that thus they could win forgiveness from heaven.

We sometimes pass a mule-train plodding slowly along the dusty highway, with a great jangling of bells. The muleteer, in leather breeches and wide hat, sits sideways on one of his beasts, and as often as not is strumming a guitar and singing a monotonous refrain, stopping now and then to throw a stone at some dawdling mule. These muleteers sing on their lonely way because they think that singing keeps off evil.

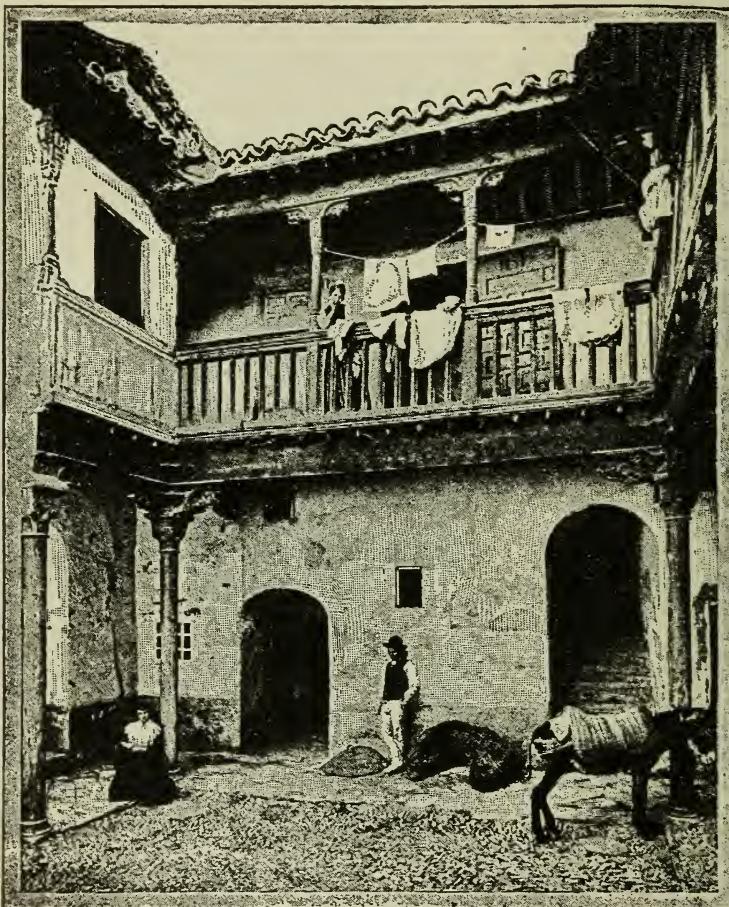
We see castle ruins, deserted convents, whitewashed villages, and peasants in the fields. There are some women in bright yellow skirts, with red kerchiefs on their heads, cutting grain with a sickle. By and by we overtake the village pigherd, stalking from town at the head of his pigs, a staff in his hand and a tattered cloak over his shoulder. At another point we meet a wagonload of gypsies going into camp under a magnolia tree. The gypsy children run after us, shouting for coppers.

A SPANISH VILLAGE.

One night is spent in a village, at a little inn called a *posada*. The posada is a low stone building plastered on the outside, with a wide gateway in its front wall, through which the postilion rides his mule. We pass on to an inner courtyard, which is the gathering place for village idlers, donkeys, muleteers, and diligence

passengers. The court is stone-paved, with a blacksmith's forge at one side, near an opening leading into the stables.

Peasants in short velvet jackets, wide girdles, and round caps, are lounging about, smoking and talking. The blacksmith is leisurely shoeing a horse, stopping



COURTYARD IN SPAIN.

frequently to join the smokers with a story and a laugh. A donkey lies sleeping near a trough where the landlady has been doing a washing. We see her grimy linen hanging on the balcony railing above the court. Two soldiers in uniform are playing cards at a

small table, with a pause now and then to drink from a pigskin of wine hung to a pillar near by.

Up a crumbling stone stairway are our rooms—little whitewashed apartments with only cots and rude chairs for furniture. Water for washing is brought us in small basins, only after several requests. Soap and water are considered unnecessary luxuries in Spanish inns. While our evening meal is cooking, we take a look at the village.

The main street is a hot, dusty roadway bordered on either side by flat-roofed, square houses of one story. Some have only openings in the wall, instead of windows and doors, with wooden shutters to close in time of rain; only it looks as if rain seldom came to this region. Now and then we pass a hovel of sun-dried brick, with a gateless hole as entrance; or we see better houses, which have tiled roofs, iron-grated windows, and sailcloth curtains flapping outside a balcony railing. All the houses are whitewashed.

Here is a little plaza, with a bare, desolate stone church at one side, its steeple topped by a crucifix. A shop or two where nothing much is sold, an old crumbling building where the sisters from a convent teach school, and an aged fountain border the plaza on the other three sides. Pigs run loose in the street, children play in the dust, and donkeys and chickens come and go through the house doors as freely as the human members of the family.

We peer into a tiny hut, but no one is at home except a pig, which lies sleeping under a bed made of boards resting on trestles. A fire flickers on the clay floor, sending its smoke through the room. On the

wall hangs a *manta*, or peasant's cloak, bits of crockery, a pigskin wine-pouch, and a few old rags of clothing for the women folks. Strings of garlic hang near the fire; and a loaf of coarse maize bread stands beside a stone water-jar on the bench. Filth, flies, fleas, pigs, and chickens make the poor hut squalid and miserable.

We pause before a pleasant house, attracted by a glimpse of its patio seen through the wide-open gate of the passage. The housewife kindly invites us within. What a patio for a kodak tourist! While one of our number takes some pictures, we sit under a jasmine trellis and gaze about us. Here is the beautiful old fountain, so richly carved that we know it has seen better days. Here are tubs of orange trees, there a trellis of grape, honeysuckle, wistaria, and we know not what other vines. Look at the blue-tiled balcony overhanging the patio, where grasses grow from the tile grooves and doves have their nests! This palm tree, which long years ago broke its way through the patio paving, rises high above the court, waving a bunch of feathery leaves from the tip of its trunk. The patio is inhabited by a baby and a cat—the baby a bright-eyed, chubby fellow, and the cat a gaunt, half-starved animal, like all Spanish cats.

The room adjoining is shining with brass and copper cooking utensils, with a floor scrubbed white, and a table so clean that a Dutch housewife could show none more immaculate. There are mats on this kitchen floor, pots of plants in the windows, and a guitar and a picture of the Virgin on the wall. One sees no books or magazines in these humble Spanish homes; and no stoves, as a rule. Here we find a small affair

which looks like a range. Charcoal is the fuel. In winter most families use a pan of charcoal to heat their rooms. Or a fire is built outdoors. In one part of the village we come upon an old woman boiling her pot of coffee over a blaze in front of her hut.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

The people of the various Spanish provinces differ greatly from one another. Each of the old thirteen provinces had its native costume, now no longer seen except in country districts. Northern Spain is peopled by a hardy, industrious, honest race.

In southern Spain, especially in Andalusia, we find a gay, lighthearted, pleasure-loving people—like their Arab ancestors. These Andalusians dance and sing, and play the guitar. Their castanets are always clicking; their beautiful women always smiling, wearing flowers, and waving fans; their men are always idling, smoking, going to bull-fights or theatres, or riding their fine Andalusian horses.

All the Spanish have fine manners. When a Spaniard enters a railway carriage, he always lifts his hat in courteous greeting. He speaks politely not only to his equals, but to his servants and the beggars at his door.

Spaniards entertain less than any other people. Dinner parties are seldom given. But callers are cordially welcomed and are told that the house and all it contains is theirs. Men not otherwise occupied spend their mornings at the cafe, sipping coffee, smoking cigarettes, and reading the papers. A siesta through the midday hours is followed by a ride in the

park, or a trip to a bull-fight. Evenings are given to the theatre or opera. If there is not money enough for the husband and wife both to go to these places of



THE WATER VENDER.

amusement, the wife is always the one to stay at home.

Spanish ladies have quiet lives. They go to mass, and shop, and have a siesta, and ride in the park. Their education is slight, so that they care little for reading. But they are loving mothers and faithful, sympathetic friends.

The common people of Spain are hardworking. The stranger is always welcomed to their homes and

offered a share in their frugal meals without apology for its poverty. With very little, they enjoy life as few of us more prosperous people do. All day long they toil in field or grove; but at evening they are ready for music, games or dancing; and a festival is their greatest pleasure.

Everywhere we hear the songs of the people—especially in Andalusia. The songs are strange, often sad, little chants, sung to words which they make up as they go along.

Many, many happy idlers there are in Spain, who have nothing and want nothing—beyond a guitar and a ticket to the bull-fight. “Bread and bulls,” say some, “are the only necessities to this class. Worry they do not know; nor haste; nor ambition. They can dance, though their clothing is in rags; and can have a picnic on a cup of olive oil. They have no use for soap, nor water, nor tidy homes, nor money in the bank for a rainy day.”

Among the Pyrenees in northern Spain is the Basque Province. The Basques are wholly unlike the rest of the Spaniards. They themselves say that they are “not Spaniards, but Basques.” They are direct descendants of the earliest inhabitants of the Peninsula and call themselves the oldest race in Europe. Their language is like no other now spoken and is very difficult to learn.

At different times we make the acquaintance of some of the boys and girls of the Spanish cities. They play in the parks all day long, except when taking their midday siesta. We ask a boy his name, and he replies pleasantly, with lifted cap, “Pacquito, to serve God and you.” Boys are given the name of Joseph in some form or other, until there are as many “Josephs” in Spain as there are “Johns” in the United States. Sometimes boys have the name of the Virgin also. Boys never seem to have any hair, for in summer it is kept shorn to the skin; and in winter it is allowed to

grow but the merest trifle. So Spanish boys are not handsome.

Girls are nearly always given the name of the Virgin in one of its numerous forms: "Maria de Dolores," which is shortened to "Dolores," or "Maria Immaculata," called simply "Mariquita" or "Immaculata," and so on. Girls and women—young or old—are always addressed by their Christian names. Little children address even an old lady, not as "Mrs. Brown," or "Mrs. Smith," but as Dolores, Mariquita, or Augustia. When we are introduced in a Spanish home, we are asked our Christian names and are thus addressed by all the family—that is, the girls of our party. The boys are called by their last names.

These little Pacquitos and Mariquitas and Juanitas play wonderful games in the parks. The boys like best to engage in a bull-fight. Picadors riding sticks (instead of old cab-horses) flourish about a mock arena; chulos wave blouses instead of colored cloaks; while the bull itself walks on two legs and talks Spanish, arguing with the matador even after death.

Sometimes we hear a low, solemn chant, and, turning, discover a little procession of children engaged in a pretended religious festival. With measured tread they wind down the walk, chanting a hymn and bearing aloft banners made of kerchiefs tied to sticks. Spain is so given over to celebrations of religious festivals in honor of innumerable saints, that we easily understand the children's choice of this game.

Then they play tag, leap-frog, crack-the-whip, and soldier. They have a game, also, that looks like "ring-around-the-rosy," in which they form a circle and

dance around, one in the center, singing at the top of their shrill little voices. Or they carry on a "play theatre" with dolls, dogs, or cats as actors or audience. All dance—boys and girls—as if born to it. If there are no castanets to click, no guitars to play, they snap their fingers, and, keeping time to the noise, go through the steps of one of the graceful Spanish dances. The fan is as necessary to the happiness of the little girl as to her mamma. It is amusing to notice how even baby girls are skilled in the use of these trifles of the costume.

One thing amazes us: the number of very young children dressed in deep mourning. If a relative dies, the whole family puts on morning, even to the three-year-old baby. One lady traveler says that half the children in the Spanish city where she stayed "looked as if they had been dipped in ink bottles."

Spanish chileren are taught to honor the priest and are under his care almost more than that of their parents. They seem always to love their priest. We see them leave their games to run to meet him, to kiss his hand and receive a blessing. At times we see them in the churches—which stand open all day—kneeling before an image to say a prayer.

Spanish children have the fine manners of their elders. They always bid us good-night with a pleasant "May you rest well," and in the morning greet us with the cheerful inquiry, "Have you rested well?" They treat servants and beggars kindly and politely. They always offer to share their goodies with those about them. If we admire anything of theirs, we are at once told, "It is yours."

The little people enjoy frequent outings. Picnics are their delight. Whole families of work people take their lunch baskets and go by tram car to the outskirts of the city. On the dusty, parched grass they encamp and spread out their frugal feast—perhaps only bread, sardines, figs or oranges, and water. But they are happy and contented. With a guitar to furnish the music, they dance and frolic, wanting nothing more.

Country children go merrymaking on donkeys. "Country children" in Spain are seldom dwellers in remote farm houses. Farmers in Spain live in villages and ride to their work. Now and then we see these donkey-passengers setting forth across the plain. Two or three children are crowded into each pocket of the panniers which are suspended from the donkey's back. Several sit on his back, and one leads him, giving him at times a whack with a stick and crying, "Gee up," with an occasional exclamation: "Advance little mule! what makes you so slow? Do as I bid you, you wicked beast!"

Spanish young folk are no fonder of hard work than are their elders. Among the peasantry we do see overworked children. But in the main Spanish people, young and old, take life easy. School duties do not tax the children very heavily.

The common people are generally ignorant, unable either to read or to write. But an effort is being made to improve the schools and to compel attendance. Free schools are now maintained in every town and village. The government has established schools for teaching arts and trades in all the chief towns, tuition being free, while the Jesuits and other religious orders

have many private schools in all parts of the country. Girls are most frequently sent to convent schools, when their parents can afford to send them anywhere

FESTIVALS.

Spanish festivals are nearly all of a religious character. Every village, town and city has its patron saint; and every saint has his special day of celebration. One never knows when he may go shopping only to find everything closed, business at a standstill, and the shopkeepers off marching in a procession, or saying prayers at the shrine of some saint.

Christmas, Holy Week, and the Festival of Corpus Christi are the chief national festivals.

Holy Week, in April, is a period of impressive ceremonies all over Spain. They last from Wednesday to Sunday. On Thursday, in Madrid, is the peculiar celebration of the *Lavatorio*, which takes place at the palace. The King must go through the process of washing the feet of a dozen or more paupers. Thursday afternoon all devout Spaniards go on a pilgrimage to seven different churches, to say prayers at each before the Repository, where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. On Friday a great procession is formed in which images of Christ and those who took part in his crucifixion are borne aloft. These images are painted, and dressed in fine clothing, and are sometimes costly works of art. In villages, where churches are sometimes too poor to own images, people act the part of Christ and his crucifiers. One traveler tells of having seen an image of Christ on the Cross which proved to be a live man; he was held in place by brackets on the

cross. Around him were weeping women to represent Mary and others. Teville celebrates Holy Week more splendidly than even Rome.

The festival of Corpus Christi occurs in June. Cities and towns are decorated with flowers, bunting and splendid lengths of tapestry and fine embroideries, which are hung from the balconies. Processions are the chief feature. These festivals are the occasions when the peasant costumes of the different provinces may best be seen; when the silk or lace mantilla is the only head-dress of all women; and when Spanish life is most picturesque in every way.

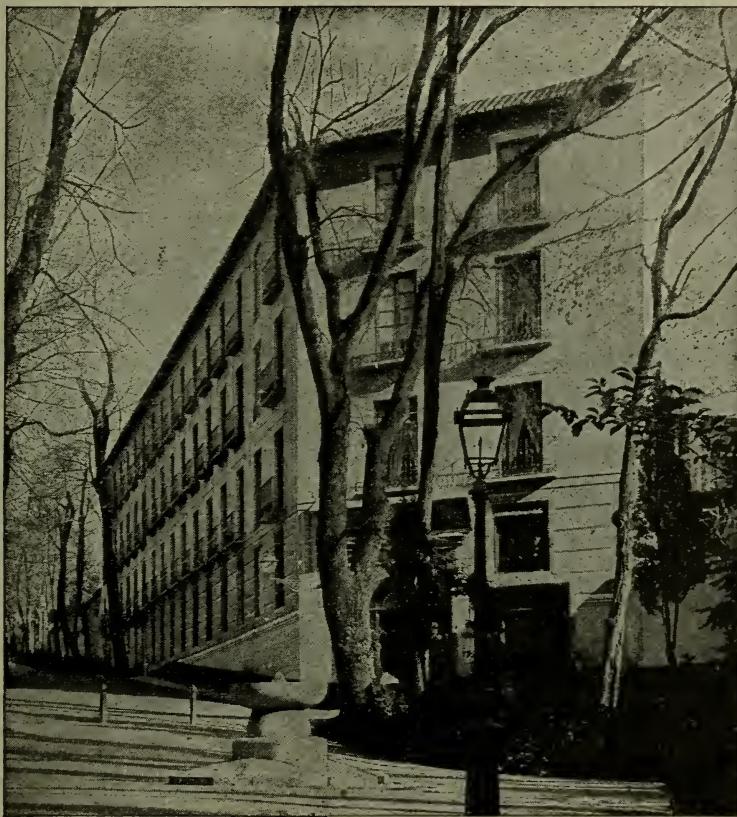
Christmas is a season of feasting, with turkey and cakes in abundance. Family gatherings are held, gifts are exchanged, and every one attends High Mass at midnight on Christmas Eve. The shops are gay with flowers, ribbons, and terra cotta images of the Virgin and Child, and even with pasteboard images. Music and dancing add to the gayety of the season.

At night the streets are crowded with merrymakers. "Young people go trooping through the town with tambourines, castanets, and guitars, singing and dancing. Every one has a different song to suit his own state of mind."

Christmas in Spain is entirely based upon the story of the Christ Child. There is no Santa Claus or St. Nick to fill stockings. But little shoes stand before each door and window, placed there by their child owners. Spanish children think that the wise kings of the East are journeying by night to Bethlehem, carrying gifts to the new-born Christ; and that, having an abundance of these treasurers for the Holy

Infant, they will drop some of them into the shoes of good children while passing by.

A pasteboard toy of this season is called "The Nativity." It shows figures in terra cotta of the shepherds watching their flocks; and of the Magi in the stable worshiping the Child.



WASHINGTON IRVING HOTEL, GRANADA, SPAIN

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

Granada gleams white in the hot sunshine beneath us, with red-tiled roofs, whitewashed walls, and glimpses of shining river. We are on the Alhambra hill which overlooks the old Moorish town. Yonder rise the snow-topped peaks of the Sierra Nevada, their frosted slopes sending cool breezes across the plain.

And away to the foot of this lofty range stretches the Vega, or plain, green with groves and meadows, and white-dotted with villages and villas. We can trace the curving mountain streams the Darro and the Genil (Xenil); and looking across the Darro's gorge can see the *Generalife*, a summer palace of the Moors, rising amid terraced gardens on a green hillside. Behind us are the old red battlemented walls of the Alhambra.

The Alhambra is a hill; an old Moorish fortress on the hill; a little settlement of houses, mosques, convents, and quaint shops within the fortress; and—above all else—an ancient, beautiful palace, also within the fortress walls. When one speaks of the Alhambra, he may mean any of these things, but most often he means the palace.

Just outside the red walls is our hotel, the Washington Irving. It is named for our American author who, seventy odd years ago, lived in the palace and wrote books about the Alhambra and the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella. His books are as well known in Spain as in America, and their author is greatly honored and admired by the Spanish people. While resting after dinner, we read in his *Conquest of Granada* those chapters which tell of Boabdil, the Moorish king who in 1492 surrendered Granada to the Spaniards, after holding out against their siege for eleven years. We are shown a pass in the hills, called the Last Sigh of the Moor, where Boabdil is said to have paused and looked back sadly upon the city from which he had just been driven.

We enter at the Gate of Judgment, a great square

tower with a high arched entrance. The horseshoe-shaped arch is peculiar to Moorish architecture. Over the outer arch of this gate is engraved a hand; over the inner one, a key. There is a legend that the fortress will last until the hand reaches down to grasp the



THE ALHAMBRA, SPAIN.

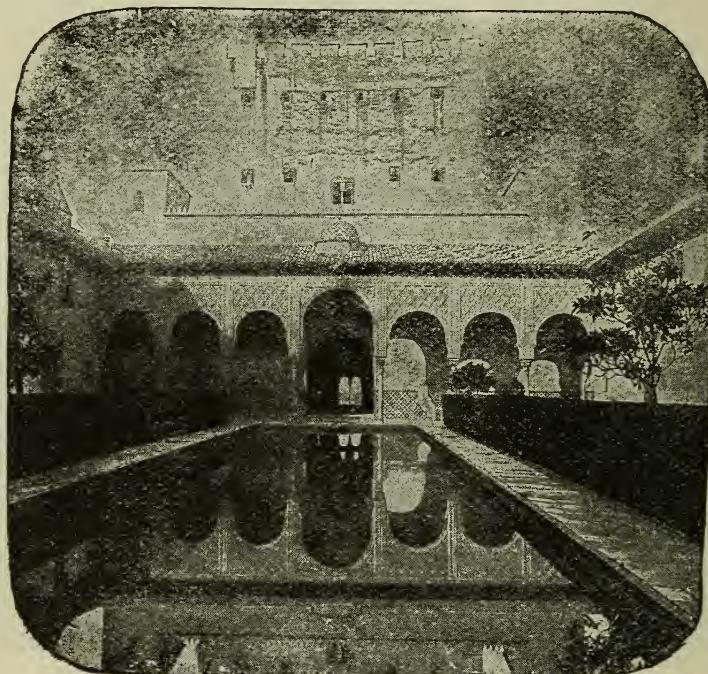
key. On the pillars of the gateway are inscribed in Arabic:

"There is no God but Al-lah. Mohammed is the prophet of Al-lah. There is no power or strength but in Al-lah."

A winding path leads us to a plaza, called the Place of the Cisterns. Under this plaza are great tanks, like caverns, which are filled by pipes with water from the river Darro. There is a great tinkle of mule-bells, and

we see the gaudily harnessed mules coming and going in constant procession, their backs loaded with baskets of water jars. Water is drawn from the tanks by a draw-well. The water carriers pack their jars in baskets of wet leaves to keep the water cool.

Passing through a small iron door in an old wall, we find ourselves in the palace. The Moors liked to



HALL OF MYRTLES, ALAHMBRA, SPAIN

make their splendid palaces bare and uninteresting on the outside to avert the Evil Eye which threatened prosperous people. Thus suddenly we come upon the glories of this, the most wonderful palace in Spain. Here is the lovely Court of Myrtles, in its center a pond of clear water, bordered by a marble pavement and a hedge of myrtle. Marble arcades surround the court, with the lofty Tower of Comares looming above them at one end. Pillars, fretted arches, tower, sky,

and myrtle are reflected in the quiet water with a beauty which makes this scene a lasting one in our memory.

From here we wander on through court after court, through splendid halls, fair garden spots, cool, luxurious baths, wide galleries, and under shadowy arcades,—everywhere seeing a wealth of arabesque ornament, of filagree work, of splendid marble pillars, of precious inlaid work, of sculptured fountains, and of walls decorated with scrolls and Arabic inscriptions, while all over this palace we see carved in curious Arabic letters the Mohammedan war cry: "*There is no conqueror but God.*"

The Court of the Lions is the most celebrated part of the palace. It is surrounded by a colonade of one hundred and twenty-eight marble pillars, which support arches of filagree work delicate as lace. In the center is an alabaster basin upheld by the figures of twelve marble lions. Channels in the marble pavement lead from this fountain to others in the four adjoining halls.

The Hall of the Abencerrages is famed as the place where (legend says) Boabdil once gave a banquet to the Abencerrages, some princes of high birth. After the feast the princes were lured, one at a time, into the Court of Lions and there beheaded by Boabdil's order.

The Hall of Ambassadors occupies all of the Tower of Comares. It is an apartment of state, seventy-five feet high to the center of its dome.

We see the rooms where Irving lived, the Hall of Repose beautiful in colored inlaid work, the baths, the

famous Alhambra Vase, and the Sultan's Boudoir. When the sunlight falls upon the courts and gardens of this dream-palace, making great patches of dazzling light amid the shadows of leafy nook and pillared arcade, we think that this loveliness cannot be surpassed. Then we see the palace by moonlight and think it more than ever a place of enchantment.

We make a brief journey through the garden-land of Spain, that fertile country around Valencia, where the Moors of old built irrigation canals and aqueducts and turned the plain into fruitful orchards and meadows. In the city of Valencia we see the Water Tribunal, a court for trying disputes about irrigation. Every Thursday three old men, who preside over the trials, take their seats on a bench outside the cathedral, while those who are in a quarrel about water rights are brought before them by two beadle^s in curious, old-time uniforms. Both sides tell their story; and then the three old men put their heads together under a cloak, or *manta*, and make their decision.

Valencia has a population of 204,768. It is noted for silks and wines. Its fishermen are famous.

Proceeding to Barcelona, a busy city on the northern coast, we spend several days seeing its shops, boulevards, theatres, parks, and wharves. Barcelona is like a French city. It is the second city in size in Spain, with a population of 509,859. Here we take a steamer for Lisbon, the capital of Portugal.

PORTUGAL

Portugal has an area of 34,508 square miles; its population is 4,660,000. The climate is mild, the soil fertile, and the mines rich in minerals. There is a coast line of five hundred miles, with several excellent harbors. Fish abound, particularly sardines and tunny fish. But Portugal is neither rich nor progressive. The farms are poorly tilled; large tracts of rich land are left as waste land; the mines are not thoroughly worked; factories are few; and most of the industries which do flourish are conducted by Englishmen or Brazilians. The Roman Catholic Church is the state church. Education is by law compulsory, but this law is not enforced. In 1890, it was found that more than three-fourths of the people could not read.

King Carlos I and a parliament govern the country, with the capital at Lisbon, twelve miles from the mouth of the Tagus River.

We pass amid a crowd of boats, as we steam from the Atlantic up the Tagus River—ancient fishing smacks, ocean steamers, boats with lateen sails, and various craft of curious shape and brilliant color. On one bank we see rocky heights; on the other, vineyards. The luxuriant foliage half conceals convent ruins, castles, Moorish houses, and old towers which rise on either bank. To the north we see the Cintra Mountains.

LISBON.

Rounding a point of land where an ancient tower stands guard, we have a sudden view of Lisbon. No city in Europe has a nobler position. It climbs steep

hills on the north bank for fully five miles along the river, with a string of suburbs extending even farther. The houses, rising tier above tier, with roofs of snow-white tiles shining in the sunlight, are an imposing sight.

We are surprised to find Lisbon so like a modern city. Its broad, clean streets are shaded and paved; but this, we find, is the "new part," rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1755. We are told of that terrible event when, in a few moments, seventeen thousand houses were destroyed, and sixty thousand people killed—swallowed by the earth, or by the great wave which swept from the river and engulfed the banks.

All Lisbon is "upstairs." We climb one hill, only to descend again and begin anew to toil up another. The old part, unshaken by the earthquake, is dirty and decayed, with narrow, tortuous ways; but as a whole the city is fresh and clean, with houses often covered with pretty glazed tiles, or with stucco painted in delicate tints, while we frequently pass large stone apartment houses, or marble "palaces," the homes of the nobility.

Lisbon has a population of 301,206. We visit its hospitals, churches, convents, naval and military arsenals, naval school; we see the mint where gold, silver and copper money is coined; also a museum of colonial products. Brazil was at first a Portuguese colony. A large number of the wealthiest people in Lisbon are returned Brazilians. We find the library, which has about three hundred thousand volumes; but the people of Portugal take little interest in literature or science. The only famous Portuguese writer was Camões, a poet who lived in the sixteenth century.

We are most attracted by the beautiful public squares and gardens. One of the public squares has a bronze equestrian statue of King Joseph I in its center, and a grand triumphal arch at one end. Why is Joseph I especially honored? The vegetation of Lisbon's gardens is wonderfully beautiful—geraniums which grow thirty feet high, heliotropes which fairly cover high walls, tree ferns, cacti, magnolias, palms, and other growths of a warm climate.

We visit the custom-house, a great fireproof building where thousands of dollars are collected yearly as duties. Portuguese money is counted in *reis*, an imaginary coin worth a very small fraction of a cent; so one dollar would represent about one hundred thousand reis. Most of the commerce of Portugal is with Brazil and Great Britain. Tropical goods come from Brazil; manufactured goods from Great Britain. We go to the tobacco factory, where thousands of employees are at work; and we are much interested in the aqueduct which brings water to the city from springs nine miles away. It was built in 1738, and so strongly that it was uninjured by the great earthquake. One may see it skirting a hillside, or spanning a valley—a huge stone gallery supported on arches which in one place rise three hundred feet from the base. Pipes within the gallery carry the water to fountains all over Lisbon, whence it is taken to dwellings by water-carriers.

These water-carriers are called *Gallegos*, being men from the Spanish province of Galicia. The Gallegos are the lowly, hard-working class in Lisbon; they act as scavengers, messengers, and porters, and are seen swarming the custom-house and quays, ready to carry

the heaviest loads. Each Gallego wears a cloth-covered straw collar, shaped like a horseshoe, upon which he rests a stout pole. Usually the Gallegos work in pairs, with the pole between them. Tied to it are the boxes and bales which they carry up and down the hilly streets with astonishing ease. Twelve thousand Gallegos live in Lisbon alone, herding together in small rooms, living on coarse fare, but saving their money to send back to Galicia—much as the Chinese laborers in our own San Francisco do.

The fish-girls and fish-men of Lisbon claim our attention. We see them on the streets in gaudy costumes, dirty but picturesque, barefooted, with baskets of fish balanced on their heads. Every article of sale is carried in baskets on the tops of the sellers' heads. Street venders are constantly marching through the middle of the streets shrieking their merchandise. If we buy anything in Lisbon, we must argue about the price until the dealer comes down to a reasonable sum; for he always asks at first much more than he expects to take.

COUNTRY SCENES.

Sixteen miles northwest of Lisbon is the beautiful old town of Cintra, where wealthy Lisbon families have their summer villas. We ride thither in an old-fashioned chariot-like vehicle, through scenery varied and beautiful. Lovely villas, with gardens enclosed by stone walls, border the road at frequent intervals. We drive by open corn-fields, or skirt a hillside, and finally creep up the heights of the rocky Cintra Mountains. Huge oak trees, plane and cork trees, olive groves, well-kept gardens and pleasure grounds are on all

hands. Here is a rarely beautiful park where Mexican palms, Brazilian shrubs, groves of orange, lemon, and fig fill the air with perfume. We see whole groves of tree camellias and pass woods of chestnut and fir. The mountains rise in ragged peaks about us, and now and then we have glimpses of the Atlantic breaking in surf on a low coast.

A trip by diligence through the provinces north of Lisbon is through valleys and over hills, in part well cultivated, in part a thicket of flowers, shrubs, trees and vines. Up hill and down we go, sometimes stopping to change mules at a village built of straw and mud houses. Here are pasture lands where horses and cattle are feeding; here are grain-fields with men, women, boys and girls cutting the harvest with sickles; corn is threshed with the flail, or trodden out by oxen. Sometimes we see windmills which turn water-wheels; very often we see an ancient water-wheel being turned by an ox or a mule. The wheel has earthen pots, each with a hole in the bottom, and as it revolves sends the water from these pots into a trough connecting with irrigation channels.

We have wonderful mountain views; see a fine old monastery, now abandoned; pass towns nestling below castellated heights, and on all sides behold the orchards of delicious fruits and gardens of early vegetables which supply English markets.

We frequently pass bullock carts. The oxen are hitched to the carts by bands of hide which are attached to their horns, or, in some cases, to their foreheads. Often the oaken yokes are a foot broad, elaborately carved and decorated with tassels. Some of these ox

yokes are hundreds of years old. The carts make a frightful noise—a harsh creaking that it sets one's teeth on edge to hear. This is because the bed of the cart rests loosely upon the round axle, which turns with the wheels. The wheels are of solid wood—a heavy load in themselves. The oxen are beautiful, the finest domestic animals in Portugal. There are horses, sheep, cows, goats, pigs, and chickens on all the farms—but they are mostly of inferior breeds.

Often we come up with a herd of cattle driven by men on donkeys or horses. The drivers carry great goads with which to prod the cattle, and look dirty but gay in their cloaks with scarlet lining, short jackets, broad brimmed hats, bright sashes, and brass-decked saddles. Peasant women are equally picturesque. Here goes one in a bodice of bright-checked goods with scarlet-bordered skirt. She wears a black felt hat over a red kerchief, and has massive earrings and breast-pin of yellow filagree gold—but her feet are bare.

Once we pass a peasant resting by the roadside under a gum tree. He has on a curious pointed cap of blue, hung with tassels, and a red sash girt about his waist. He is playing a guitar with much pleasure, while his mule, burdened with bags of grain, stands patiently waiting, used to delays for no reason whatever.

The country changes in appearance as we travel northward. In the South the farms are miserably cared for. Often the peasant owns nothing but a few swine, which run wild in the woods, feeding on acorns. Everything looks unkept. The hedges are made of

layers of stone loosely put together, with a row of aloe plants growing on top, often shooting up ten or twelve feet high. The houses are of mud; the peasants in rags; and where there is a town, it seems fast asleep or dead, so silent and deserted does it appear.

In the North are thrifty farms, well-cultivated olive groves and vineyards, neat houses, and real hedges enclosing gardens of bright flowers.

THE PORTUGUESE.

But in general the Portuguese are lazy and helpless, without ambition to improve their lot. The poorer class wear dirty rags, live in wretched homes, and are ignorant and superstitious.

The Portuguese are not fine-looking like the Spaniards, but have, like them, the dark hair and dark skin of a southern climate. Neither do the Portuguese have the high-bred, haughty manners of the Spaniards. They are less independent, more eager to please strangers, more patient, teachable and—it is said—more dishonest.

Many of them are fisherfolk. The Portuguese have always been a seafaring people. They remind one, with pride, of Magellan, a Portuguese navigator who was the first man to sail around the world. Magellan himself did not finish the tour, as he was killed in the Philippines; but his vessels completed the journey. And they boast of Vasco da Gama, who made the first voyage around Africa to India; and of Diaz, another Portuguese, who was the first white man to reach the Cape of Good Hope.

For the well-to-do Portuguese life is a matter of

idling, reading the newspaper, and going to the theater, concert, opera, or bull-fight. In Portugal bull-fights are not so brutal as in Spain. The bull's horns are wrapped with felt, or tipped with cork, so that the horses are not gored. And the bulls are played with but not killed.

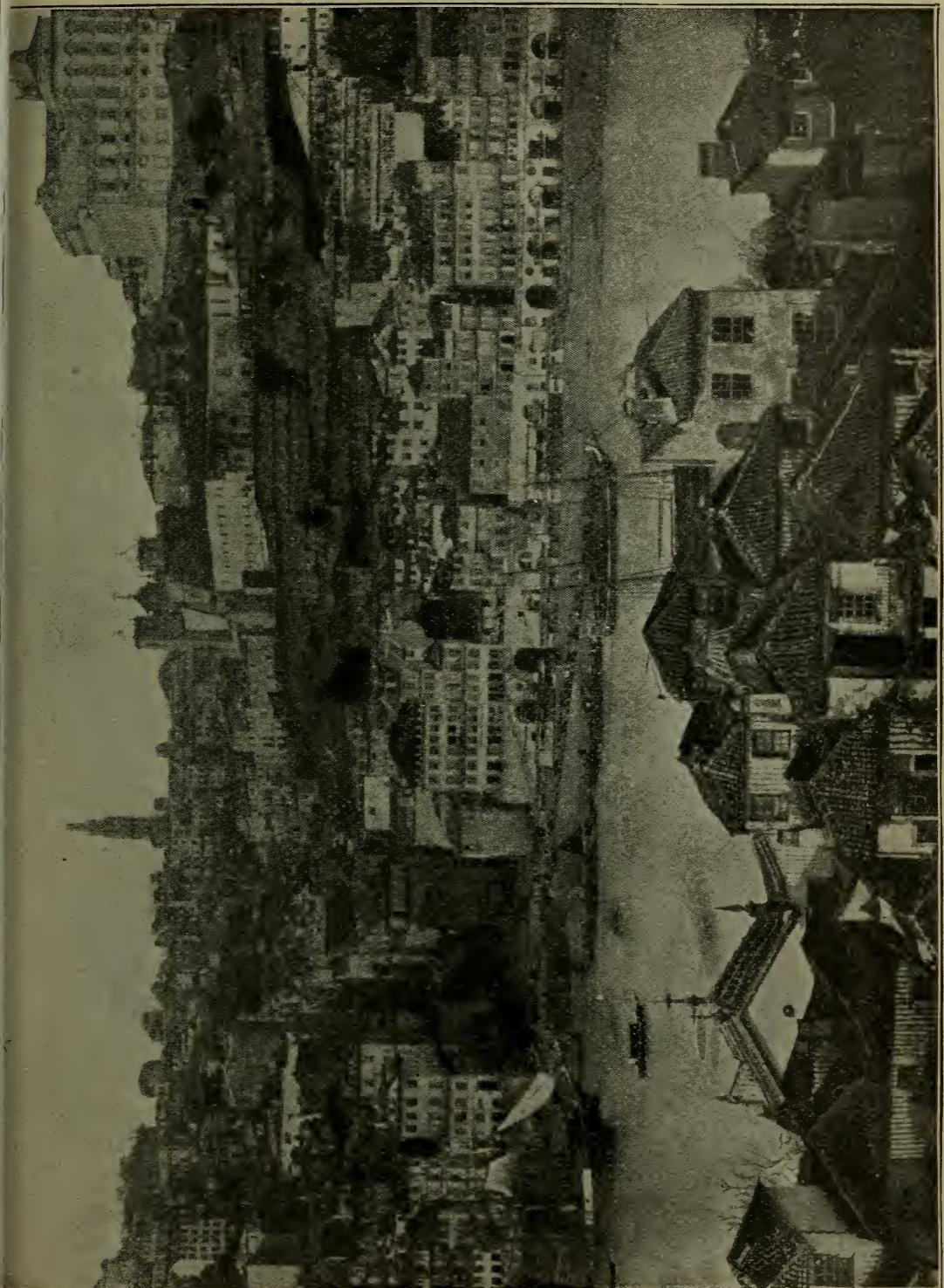
The working man has few amusements. He smokes his cigarette, after the day's work is done, gossips with friends, and pets his children and his cats. Portuguese children of both rich and poor are petted and spoiled by their parents to a great degree. Singing and dancing are favorite amusements here, as in Spain; and the guitar tinkles from end to end of the little kingdom.

Portuguese peasants are great story-tellers. They like nothing better than to gather about the village fountain, or well, of an evening and tell tales of fairies, monsters, ghosts, and the like. Their language is unlike Spanish—being much more closely related to the Latin; and it has a large mixture of Moorish words.

Although close neighbors, Spaniards and Portuguese hate each other. The Portuguese call the period when their country was a Spanish province (from 1580 to 1640) "the sixty years' captivity."

The wealth of the people comes in part from their wheat and maize, the wines, olive oil, figs, oranges, and other fruits, and their early vegetables which are shipped to England. They ship cattle to England, also; and make a considerable part of their income from fisheries, having four thousand vessels engaged in fishing.

The most important industry is the port wine trade.



OPORTO.

Oporto, on the Douro River, in northern Portugal, is famous for its port wine. We visit this quaint old city as the last point in our journey, and are taken through its cool, dark wine sheds where thousands of gallons of the rich wine are stored in casks. All around Oporto are the terraced vineyards, which supply grapes for the wine. The vines are tended with pains-taking care, and the fruit picked by Gallegos, who flock to the vineyards by hundreds. They store the grapes in great wine presses and tramp out the juice with their feet, amid singing, shouting, and great merrymaking.

From Oporto a railway leads to the French border. With many pleasant memories of our sojourn in the Peninsula, we are once more whirled away by train across the Pyrenees, the grim old mountain guardians of the North.

TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

A Little Journey to Spain and Portugal.

The class or travel club has now completed the study of Spain and Portugal, and is ready for review. In order to make this interesting and impress the lessons learned, let the work be summed up in the form of an entertainment called

AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

For this afternoon in Spain and Portugal invitations may be written by the pupils, or mimeographed or hectographed and carried to friends and parents.

If given as an evening entertainment and illustrated by stereopticon views, handbills may be printed and circulated at least a week beforehand. The following form may be used:

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

A TRIP TO SPAIN AND PORTUGAL FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

You are invited by the pupils of the _____ school (or the members of the Travel Class or Club) to spend an evening (or afternoon) in Spain and Portugal.

The party starts promptly at 1:30 P. M. (or 8 P. M.), _____ the _____. Those desiring to take this trip should secure tickets before the day of departure, as the party is limited. Guides are furnished free.

The proceeds of this entertainment are to be used in the purchase of a library and pictures and stereopticon views for the school.

SUGGESTIONS.

The exercises should be conducted and the talks given by the pupils themselves. Some topic should be selected by each pupil, or assigned to him, and with this topic he should become thoroughly familiar.

Geographies, books of travel, magazine articles and newspapers should be consulted until each pupil has his subject well in hand. He should also, where possible, secure photographs, pictures or objects with which to illustrate his talk. At its close these should be placed upon a table, or the chalk tray, that visitors may examine them more closely.

If the entertainment is given in the evening, the teacher may be able to use stereopticon views.

These will prove a very great attraction to both pupils and parents, and should be secured if possible. The lantern with oil lamp may be easily operated by the teacher while the pupils give the descriptions of the pictures or give talks about the country.

The lanterns and slides may be rented for the evening or afternoon at reasonable rates, and the cost covered by an admission fee of from ten to twenty-five cents.

A leader or guide may be appointed to make the introductory remarks, and to announce the numbers of the programme.

Other pupils speak of the journey to Spain, the people, industries, scenery and special features of the country.

ROOM DECORATIONS.

Room decorations should be in Spanish colors—red and yellow. Pictures of the young King Alfonso should be placed under the Spanish flag, on the front blackboard. Pictures of Columbus should also be given a place of honor. A sketch of the ship which bore Columbus to the New World should be placed upon the board, and by it a picture of the vessel in which we are supposed to sail to Spain this month. Ask pupils to compare the vessels.

Copies of pictures by Murillo and Velasquez (see list of Perry pictures) may be pinned about the room and stories of the lives of these artists told in connection with their study of Spanish art.

Outline maps of Spain may be distributed, then slips of paper

bearing names of cities, mountains, rivers, etc., are circulated to be correctly pinned on the map. The winner in the contest may be presented with one or more copies of Murillo's pictures (Perry) or a box of salted Spanish peanuts or almonds.

Souvenir programmes may be cut in the shape of Spain, rolled and tied with Spanish colors.

Pupils attired in Spanish costumes may render national airs and otherwise take part in the programme.

COSTUMES.

SPANISH GIRL, NO. 1.

White, red or yellow waist and short black skirt; stockings black, yellow or red; low shoes; black shawl, scarf or veil knotted over the head and tied under the chin; dark complexion, hair and eyes.

SPANISH GIRL, NO. 2.

Full skirt of dull blue flannel with a sleeveless waist of the same worn over a white blouse. Gay plaid shoulder-shawl and fancy apron. A string of bright glass beads about the neck; red stockings and low shoes, and a tambourine complete the costume.

SPANISH BOY.

A dark jacket trimmed with red or yellow; short knee-pants, with red or yellow trimming up each side; dark stockings and low shoes; a red cap, with point or tassel hanging to one side of the face. Dark complexion.

SPANISH DANCER.

Yellow skirt, black lace flounces; yellow blouse, black velvet Spanish girdle; velvet jacket faced with yellow and trimmed with lace; black hat and hose, yellow slippers. Gold ornaments; castanets.

AN ARTISTIC COSTUME.

The Valencian peasants of Spain wear a very artistic costume. The usual dress of the men is a full white shirt, a variegated waistcoat of velvet, open at the chest, zouave trousers coming to

the knee, a red or blue sash about the waist, white leggings which show the bare knee, rope sandals, and a white or colored handkerchief twisted about the head, upon which is cocked a little velvet hat. A gay scarf is generally flung over the shoulders.

SONGS.

National Anthem, "Marche Real."

Ave Maria (a favorite song of Spain).

Guadalquivir, Franklin Square Book.

Playfellows (folk song), National Library of Song.

The Gypsy Boy, Gems of School Song.

Lara's Knight (Spanish ballad).

National Hymn of Portugal.

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

The Return of Columbus, Baldwin's Sixth Reader.

The Moors in Spain, Johonnat's Stories of the Olden Time.

Beanardo del Carpio, by Mrs. Hemans.

Bernardo and King Alphonso, by J. G. Lockhart, both in One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 2.

Christmas in Spain and Christmas in Other Lands, by Lydia Avery Coonley.

The Earthquake of Lisbon, 1755, Holmes, 107.

Castles in Spain, Longfellow, 25.

Gibraltar, Miss L. E. Landon, 134.

The Alhambra, Felicia Hemans, 163.

Columbus before the University of Salamanca, L. H. Sigourney, 225.

The Bull Fight, Byron, 19.

AN AFTERNOON IN SPAIN.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introduction to the Journey by the Guide.
2. Reading, "The Return of Columbus."

3. Reading, "Castles in Spain."
4. National Anthem, "Marche Real," by Pupil in Costume.
5. Madrid.
6. The Boy King.
7. Sights and Scenes.
8. Bull Fights.
9. Recitation, "The Bull Fight."
10. Song, "Guadalquivir."
11. The Picture Gallery of Madrid.
12. The Story of Murillo.
13. The Story of Velasquez.
14. Escorial.
15. Toledo.
16. The Country of Don Quixote.
17. Song, "Lara's Knight."
18. Recitation, "Bernardo del Carpio."
19. Spanish Mines.
20. The Mosque at Cordova.
21. Olive Groves.
22. A Monastery.
23. Song, "Ave Maria."
24. Seville.
25. Cork Trees.
26. Gibraltar.
27. Recitation, "Gibraltar."
28. A Riding Tour.
29. Granada and the Alhambra.
30. Reading, "The Moors in Spain," or Recitation, "The Alhambra."
31. Valencia and the Cid.
32. Spanish People.
33. Song, "Playfellows."
34. Child Life.
35. Christmas in Spain.
36. Portugal.
37. Reading, "The Earthquake of Lisbon."
38. The Gypsy Boy, or National Air of Portugal.

NATIONAL HYMN OF SPAIN.

Marziale.



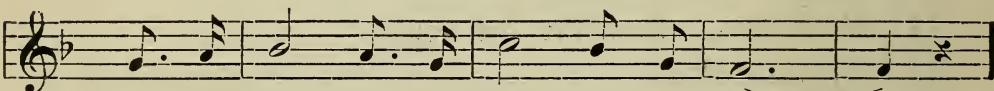
Spread the ti - dings a - far to the na - tions,....



Let them learn from the free - dom of Spain,.....



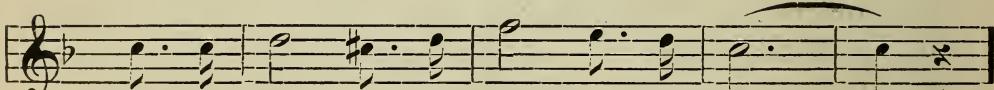
For the laws are the peo - ple's sal - va - tion,....



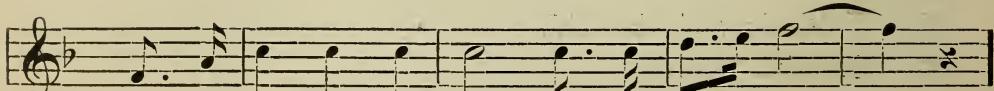
And our King as their ser - vant shall reign;



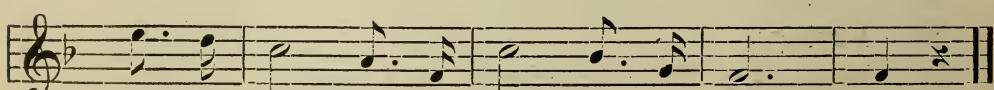
For their coun - try, true Span - iards will dare it,.....



Dare to per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause;.....



To the to - ries de - struc - tion, we swear it,.....



Live for - ev - er the King and the laws.....

NATIONAL AIR OF PORTUGAL.

BY HENRIQUE MUELLER JURIOR.

Martial.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation, likely for a wind instrument like a flute or piccolo. The first staff is in treble clef and the second is in bass clef, both in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The key signature is one flat, suggesting F major or C minor. The tempo is marked 'Martial.' The dynamics include 'ff' (fortissimo), 'p' (pianissimo), and 'ff' again. The music features various note heads, some with vertical stems and others with horizontal stems, and includes several rests. The notation is dense and rhythmic, typical of a military march.

NATIONAL AIR OF PORTUGAL—Continued.

A musical score for two voices and piano, consisting of six staves of music. The top staff is soprano, the second staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The piano part is on the left side of the page. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The dynamics include **ff**, **p**, and **pp**. The vocal parts feature eighth-note patterns, while the piano part consists of eighth-note chords.

NATIONAL AIR OF PORTUGAL—Concluded.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation for piano, arranged in two systems. The top system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a tempo marking of $\frac{3}{4}$. The first staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a dynamic of p . The third staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The bottom system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a tempo marking of $\frac{2}{4}$. The first staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a dynamic of f , followed by pp . The third staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The sixth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a tempo marking of $\frac{3}{4}$. The first staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a dynamic of f . The third staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The seventh staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a tempo marking of $\frac{2}{4}$. The first staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a dynamic of ff . The third staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The eighth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a tempo marking of $\frac{3}{4}$. The first staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a dynamic of fff . The third staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns.

SELECTIONS FROM "GEOGRAPHICAL SPICE."**THE MOST ANCIENT MERCURY MINES IN THE WORLD.**

The Sierra Morena, or Black Mountains of Spain, are not only noted as the scene of the exploits of Don Quixote, but also for the famous quicksilver mines of Almaden, which are said to be the most ancient in the world. One enters the mountain by means of a tunnel walled with solid masonry and branching into several galleries and halls. The mines are very rich and but little more than a thousand feet deep. The ore is of a dark red glittering color and sometimes in crystalline masses. Often when the miners are at work balls of quicksilver as large as pigeon's eggs roll from the crevices and leap along the floor. These are not lost, for the rubbish on the floor is carefully collected. Working in these mines is injurious to the health. Formerly criminals only were employed, but now free men are hired, well paid, and allowed to work but six hours a day. Most of these die at an early age; those who live to be forty-five years old become accustomed to the effects of the poison and may live to be sixty or seventy.

A HILL OF PURE ROCK SALT.

Near Cordova, Spain, is a hill 500 feet high, of absolutely pure rock salt, so hard that it has to be blasted. This hill is the only one of its kind known in Europe. The salt is so hard and beautiful that vases, crosses and other ornamental articles are made from it.

A GENEROUS SALUTATION.

The peasants in Spain salute by offering a part of the bread they always carry with them. It is not the proper thing to accept the proffered gift, therefore the salutation is not so generous as it might at first seem to be. To be polite the bread must be declined with thanks.

THE WHITEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Cadiz, Spain, has been compared with an "island of plaster." It is bathed on all sides by the sea, and joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. It is thus described by a noted writer: "As

you approach it everything seems whiter and whiter, for this is the whitest city in the world. In the houses, within or without, their courts, the walls of their shops, the stone seats, pilasters, even the most remote corners and darkest houses of the poor or most unfrequented streets, are all white. No servant who does not understand whitewashing is received in any family. From the midst of the buildings as from the sea it is milk white. Every house is closed at the top by a terrace, surrounded by a whitewashed parapet. From almost all these terraces rises a small tower, white, too, which in turn is surmounted by another terrace-cupola or species of sentinel box—everything white."

THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR.

"Land ho!" how welcome was the voice,
Which bade, as forth its tidings went,
The deeps of sea and air rejoice
For a new element!

'Twas land,—but no accustomed coast,
That woke such feelings of delight;
For now, the wide Atlantic crossed,
The Old World met the sight.

The lofty ship went booming on,
With full sails swelling gloriously;
And, long before the day was gone,
There rose up near and high

Spain, land of chivalry and romance,—
Whose maidens erst, with dark-bright eyes,
Looked down upon the splintered lance,
And gave the victor's prize.

Proud Spain,—which sent the Armada forth,
Magnificent but evil-starred,
Against an island of the north,
For whom the tempest warred.

Though once the mistress of the world,
 Her far-off provinces Perus,
 Before that island's flag unfurled
 Doomed pomp and power to lose.

Where Andalusia's green hills slope,
 The eye could just behold afar
 The column—with the telescope—
 Which stands on Trafalgar.

There last the Spanish ensign flew
 In war, while nations thronged the sea,
 Which Nelson's prowess overthrew
 In his death-victory!

As fast we swept through Calpe's strait,—
 A continent on either hand,—
 We saw, like guardians of the gate,
 The mountain monsters stand.

While greenly swelled the Spanish shore,
 Sunburnt and steep, upon the right,
 Appeared the mountains of the Moor,
 Bare with primeval blight.

And, far in the interior,
 Old Atlas propped the leaning sky,
 Wearing upon his shoulders hoar
 A snowy drapery.

The sun set,—and an instant's shock
 Told that the ship was anchored now
 Within the shadow of the Rock,—
 Beneath the Lion's brow!

William Gibson.

GIBRALTAR.

High on the rock that fronts the sea
 Stands alone our fortress key,
 Lady of the southern main,
 Lady, too, of stately Spain.

Look which way her eye she bends,
 Where'er she will her sway extends.
 Free on air her banner thrown
 Half the world it calls its own.

* * * * *

Siege and strife these walls have borne,
 By the red artillery torn ;
 Human life has poured its tide
 In the galleries at her side.

But the flag that o'er her blows,
 Rival nor successor knows,
 Lonely on the land and sea
 Where it has been, it will be.

Safe upon her sea-beat rock,
 She might brave an army's shock ;
 For the British banner keeps
 Safe the fortress where it sweeps.

Letitia E. Landon.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
 Went out to thee in days of yore!
 What dreams romantic filled my brain,
 And summoned back to life again
 The Paladins of Charlemagne
 The Cid Campeador !

Old towns whose history lies hid
 In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
 Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
 Zamora and Valladolid,
 Toledo, built and walled amid
 The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
 The distant town that seems so near,

The peasants in the fields, that stay
 Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
 When from the belfry at midday
 The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass.
 Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
 Of muleteers, the tethered ass
 That crops the dusty wayside grass,
 And cavaliers with spurs of brass
 Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
 White cities slumbering by the sea,
 White sunshine flooding square and street,
 Dark mountain ranges at whose feet
 The river-beds are dry with heat,—
 All was a dream to me.

There Cordova is hidden among
 The palm, the olive and the vine;
 Gem of the South, by poets sung,
 And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
 As lamps the bells that once had rung
 At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
 The star of stars, the cynosure,
 The artist's and the poet's theme,
 The young man's vision, the old man's dream,—
 Granada by its winding stream,
 The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
 Aladdin's palace of delight;
 Allah il Allah! through its halls
 Whispers the fountain as it falls,
 The Darrow darts beneath its walls,
 The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
 And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
 But in the happy vale below
 The orange and pomegranate grow,
 And wafts of air toss to and fro
 The blossoming almond trees.

How like a ruin overgrown
 With flowers that hide the rents of time,
 Stands now the Past that I have known;
 Castles in Spain, not built of stone
 But of white summer cloud, and blown
 Into this little mist of rhyme!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- Old Spain and New Spain, H. M. Field.
- Spanish Life in Town and Country, Higgin.
- Gibraltar, Field.
- Wanderings in Spain, Hare.
- A Corner in Spain.
- Scamper through Spain, Thomas.
- Spanish Vistas, Lathrop.
- Spanish Ways and Byways, Downes.
- Seven Spanish Cities, Hale.
- Roundabout Journey.
- Lazy Tour, Mrs. Moulton.
- Zigzag Journeys.
- Harper's for '84.
- Family Flight, Miss Hale.
- Spain in Outre Mer, Longfellow.
- Alhambra and Conquest of Granada, Irving.
- A Corner of Spain, Harris.

PICTURES.

STODDARD VIEWS (LARGE).

- Puerta del Sol, in Madrid.
- Alhambra from Generaliffe, Granada.
- Court of Myrtles, Alhambra.
- Salon of Maria de Padilla, Seville.
- View of the Giralda, Seville.
- Court of Oranges and Mosque, Cordova.
- Fortifications, Gibraltar.
- Lisbon, Portugal.
- Panorama Oporto.

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PERRY PICTURES.

SPAIN.

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1857	Hall of the Crowns. Detail of Walls.
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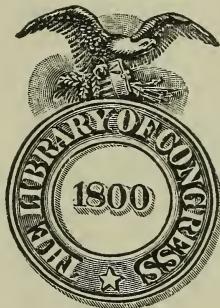
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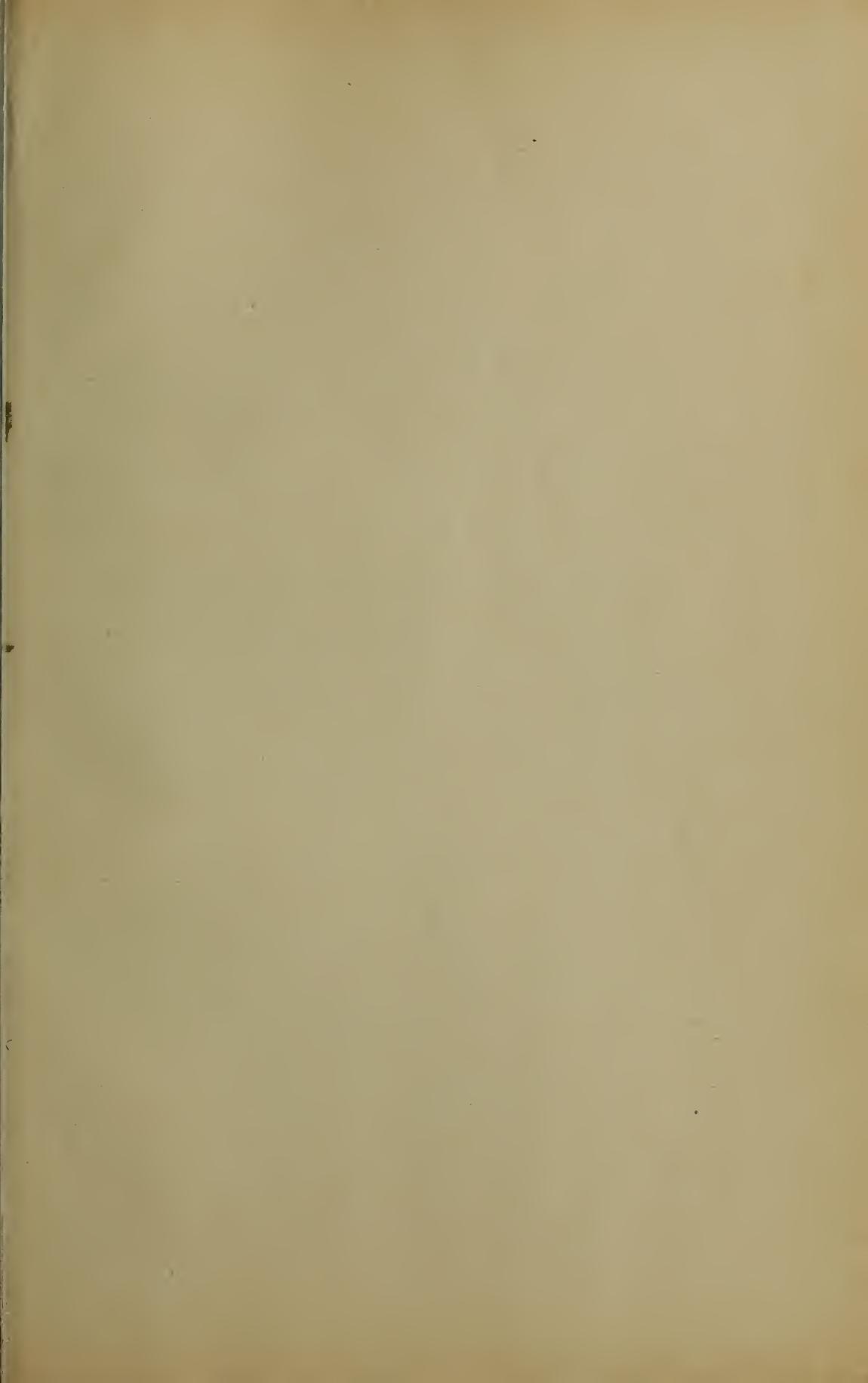
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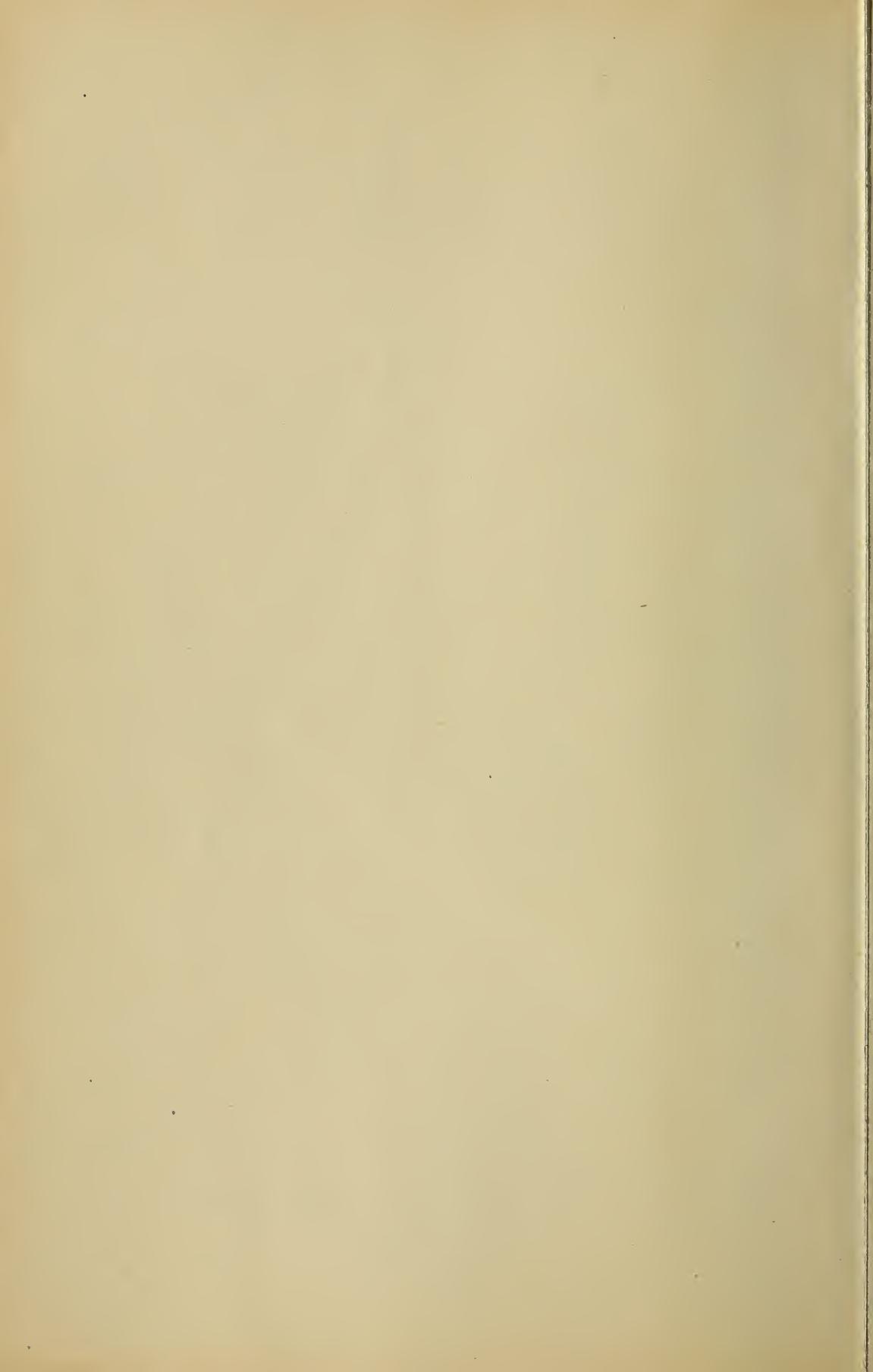
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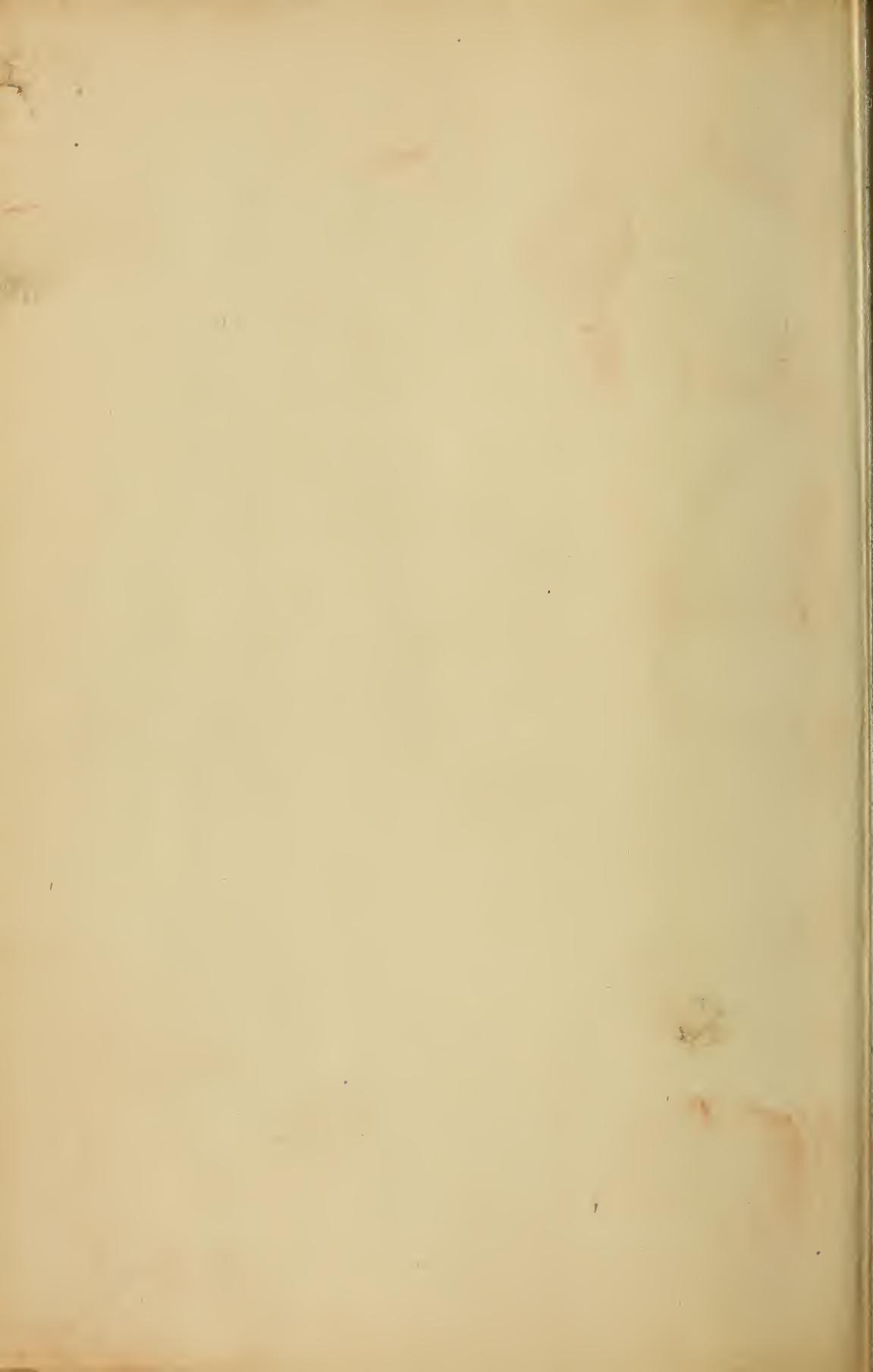
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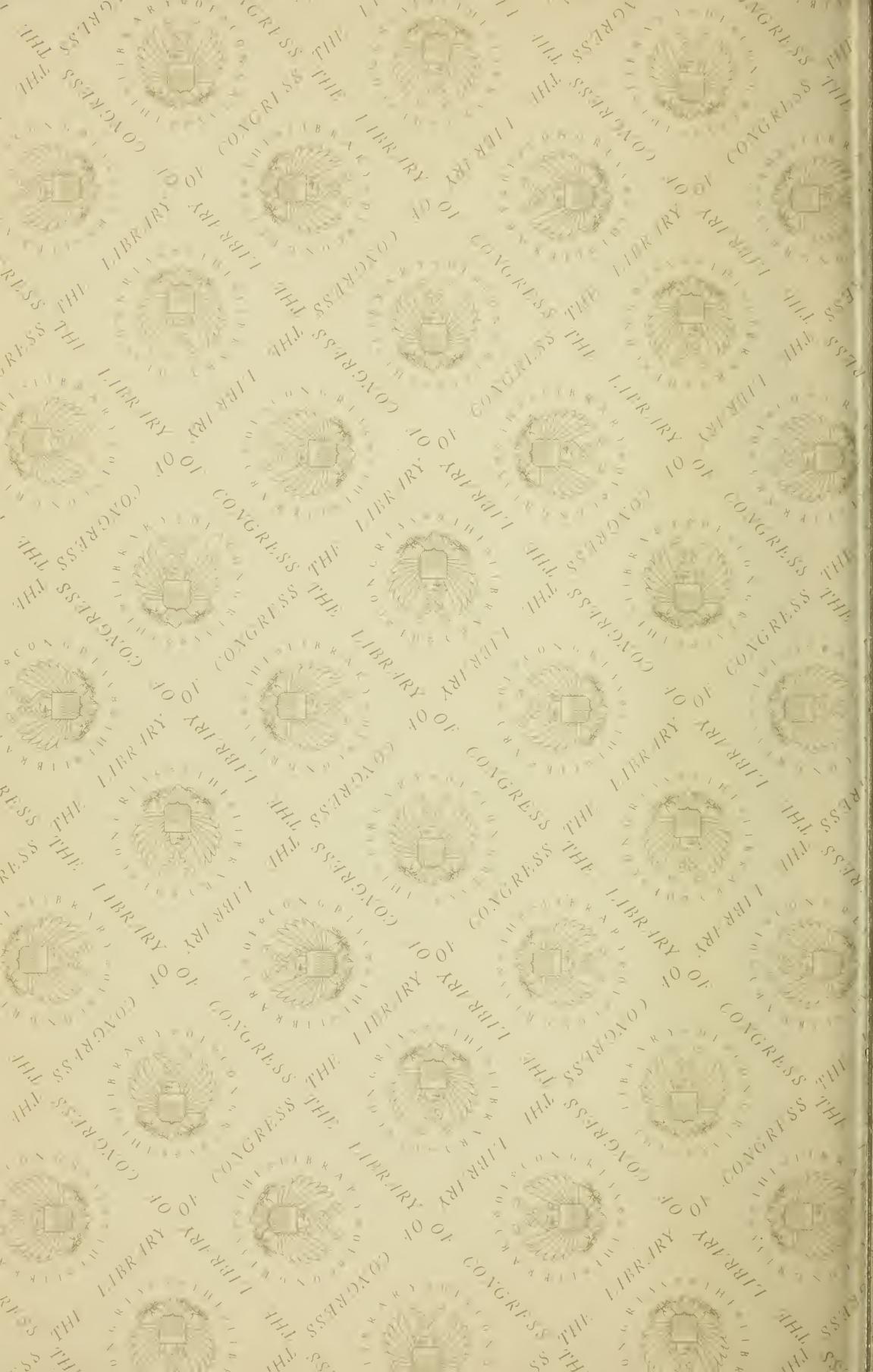
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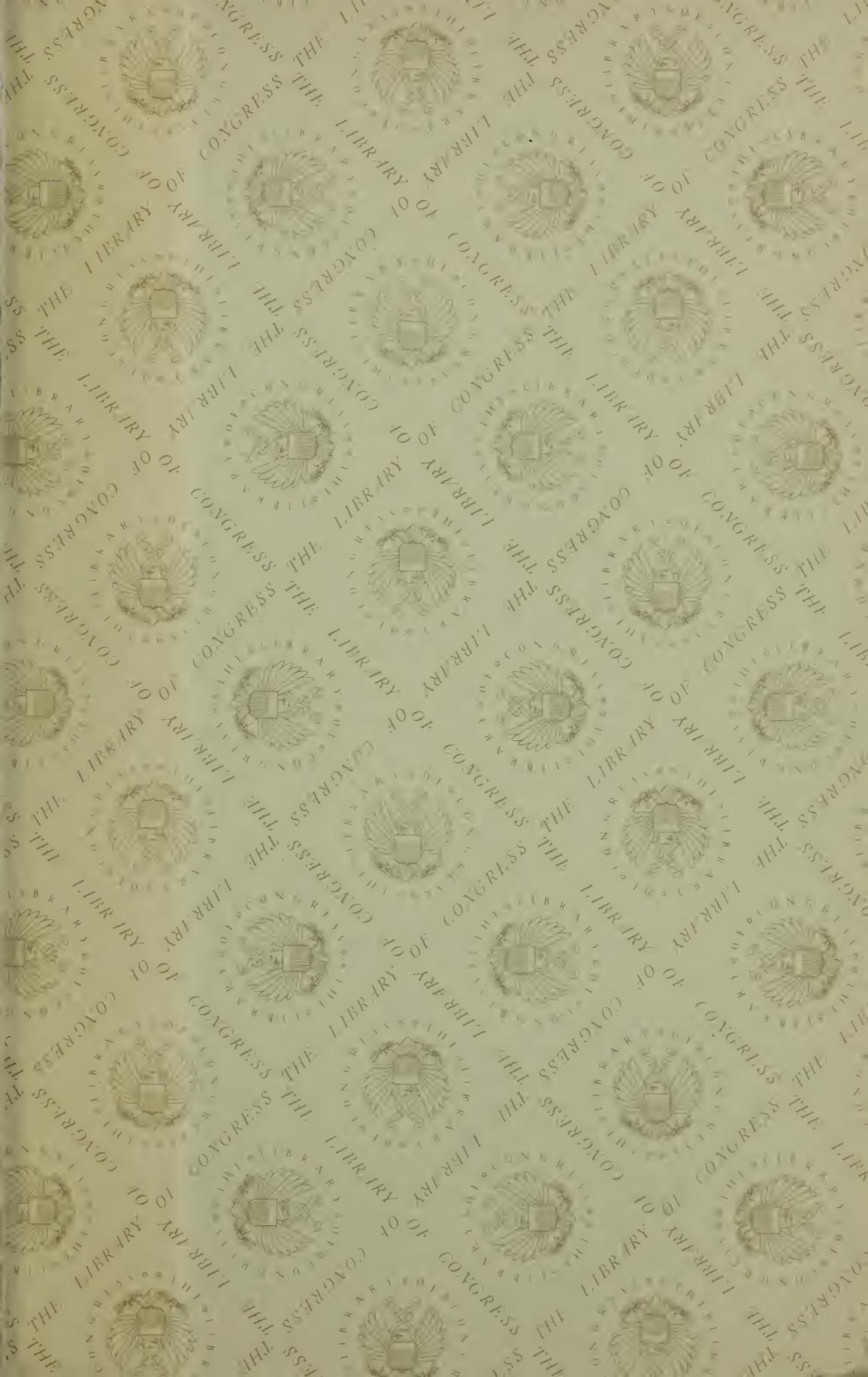
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